

ATOMIC MOUSE

ATOMIC

MOUSE

HEH-HEH-HEH! WE!

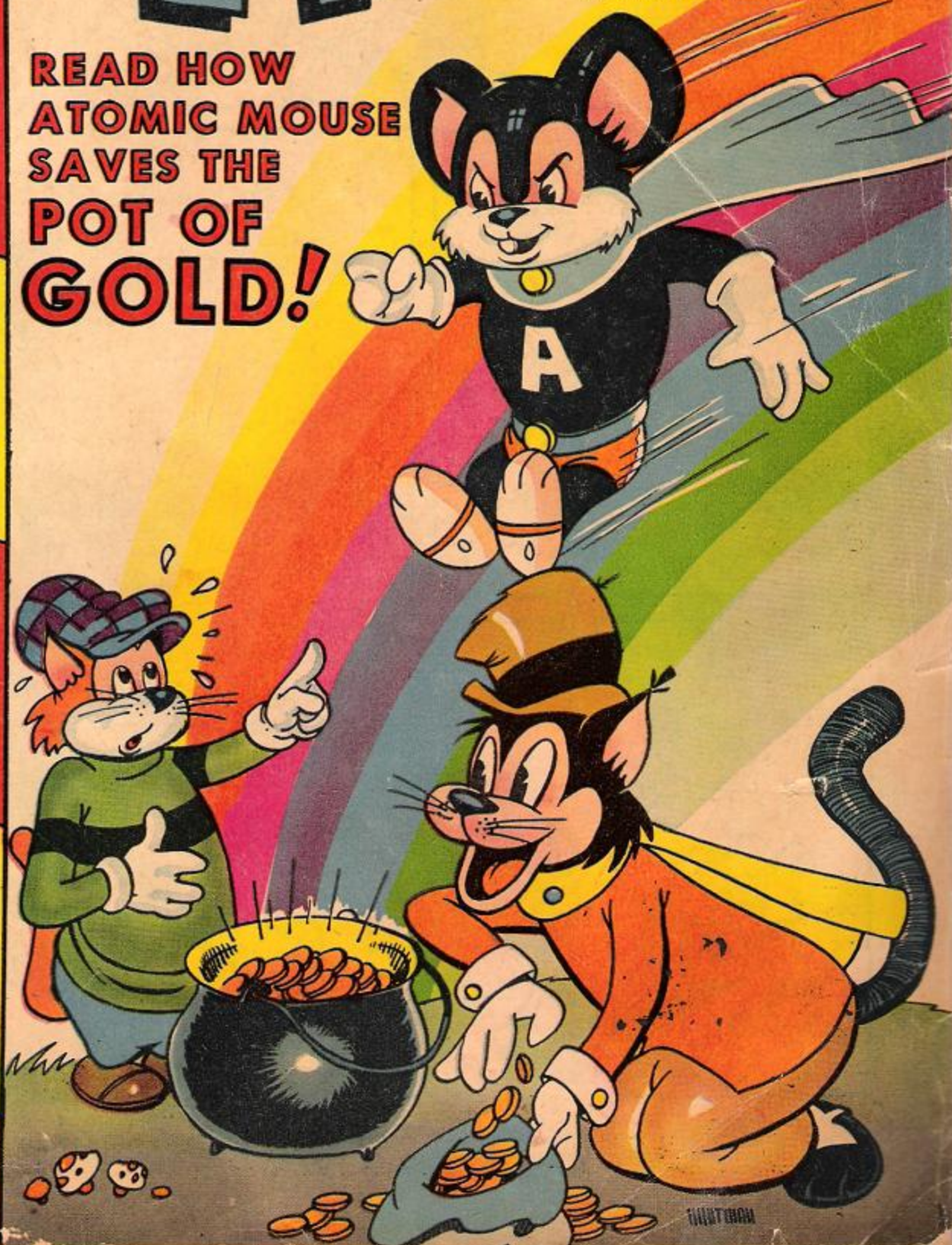
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SAVES THE
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THE FIRE ESCAPE

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THE CHILDREN DON'T
COOPERATE TOO WELL
EITHER! THEY
DON'T LIKE THE
DRILLS!

THIS IS
SERIOUS!
I'LL SEE
WHAT I
CAN DO!



A FEW
MINUTES
LATER...

I'LL NEED ONE
ABOUT FOUR
TIMES THAT
HIGH AND...



THIS SLIDE IS
A WONDERFUL
IDEA! WE GET
THE CHILDREN
OUT IN HALF THE
TIME AND THEY
LOVE IT! THANK
YOU, ATOMIC
MOUSE!

- END -

ATOMIC MOUSE

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MAY, 1958

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(Printed in U.S.A.)

Atomic

MOUSE

HEH-HEH-HEH! WE
GOT AWAY WITH
IT THIS TIME,
SHADOW!

HEH, HEH!
YOU CAN SAY
THAT AGAIN,
COUNT!

BANK

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT
YOU CAN SAY
AGAIN!

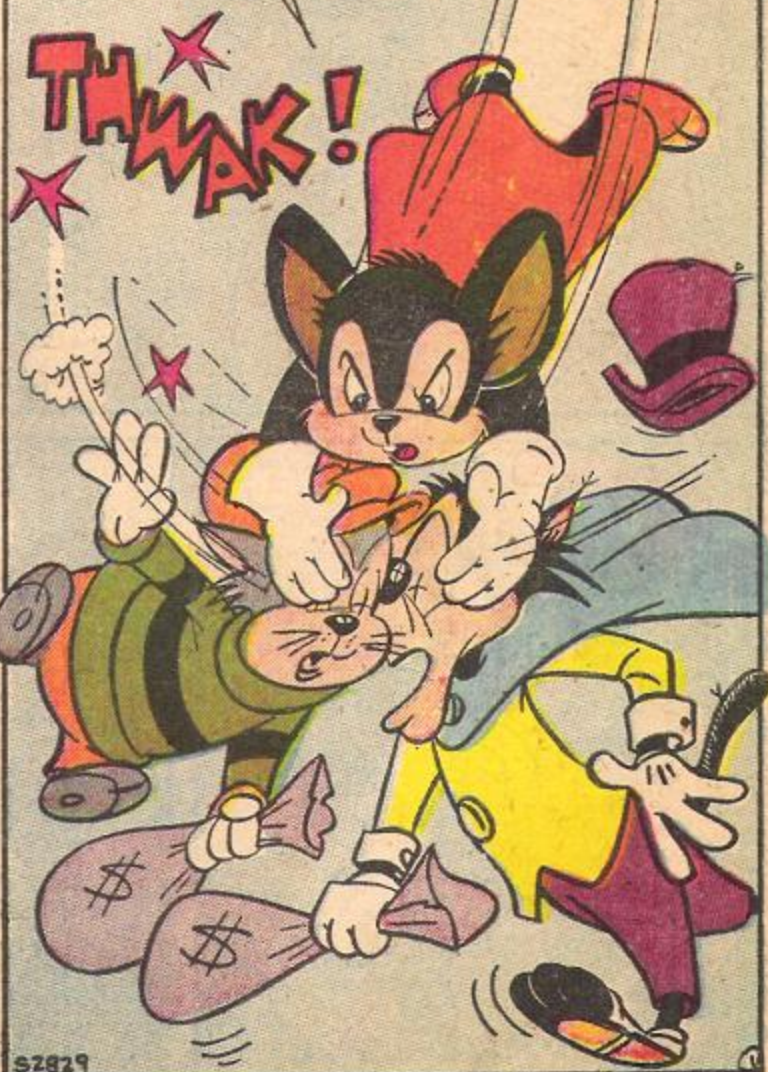
HHH!

AS LONG AS ATOMIC MOUSE IS
AROUND, YOU'LL NEVER GET
AWAY WITH ANYTHING ...

POT
of
GOLD

...THAT'S WHAT YOU
CAN SAY AGAIN!

THWAK!



ATOMIC MOUSE

CURSES!
FOILED
AGAIN!

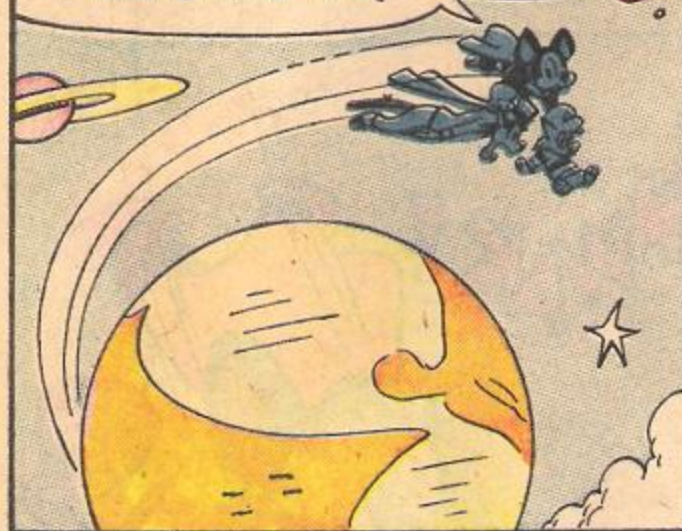
THIS IS GETTING
TA BE MONOTONOUS,
COUNT!



HEY! WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING US? THE JAIL
IS BACK THERE!



I KNOW, COUNT, BUT THE WAY YOU
TWO KEEP BREAKING OUT THE
OLD MOUSEVILLE JAIL IS GETTING
MONOTONOUS TOO!



SO THIS TIME I'LL LOSE YOU BOTH
IN THE FARAWAY FOREST!



THERE!
GET
LOST!!



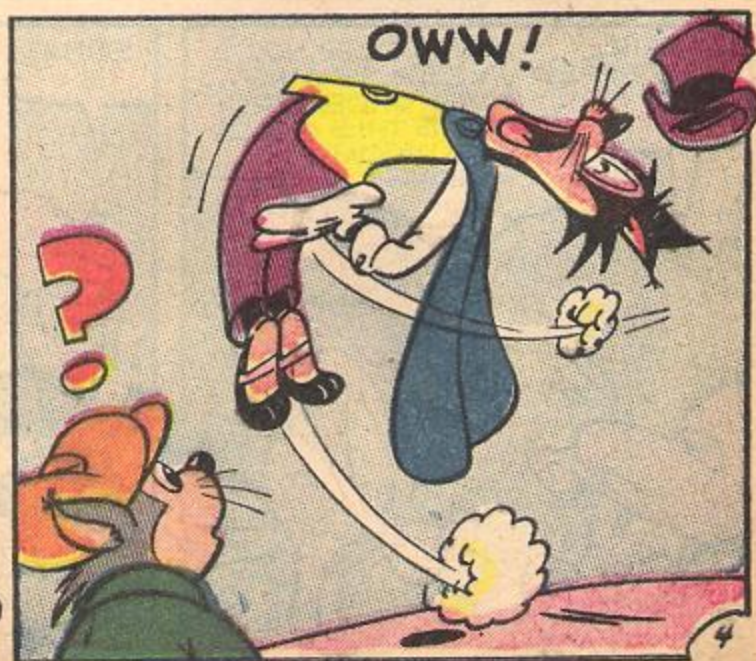
GOODBY FOR NOW! BY THE TIME
YOU FIND YOUR WAY BACK TO
MOUSEVILLE, I WILL HAVE
BUILT A BIGGER AND
STRONGER JAILHOUSE!



ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE

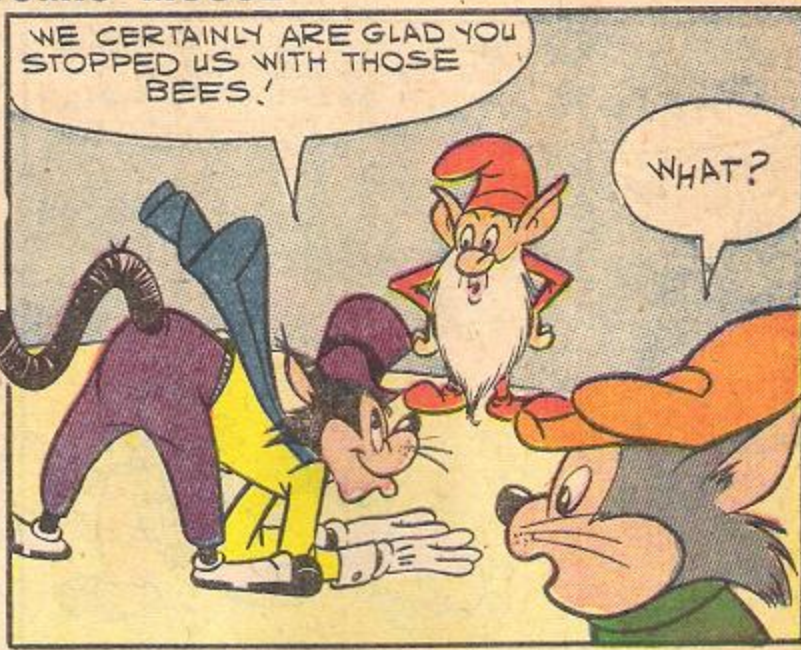
HELP! OWWW!
HELP!!

THAT COUNT SURE IS
A CARD! HE'LL DO
ANYTHING FOR A...

...JOKE?! OWW!!



ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE

B-BUT HOW CAN WE DO THAT?

BY SENDING YOUR IN-VISIBLE BEES RIGHT TO MOUSEVILLE WHERE HE HANGS OUT! BY TELLING THOSE BEES TO KEEP AFTER HIM JUST ABOUT FOREVER!

HMMM...!

WELL, ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MY WARNING, OR AREN'T YOU?

WE WILL!

WE WILL DO WHAT MUST BE DONE TO PROTECT THE GOLD!

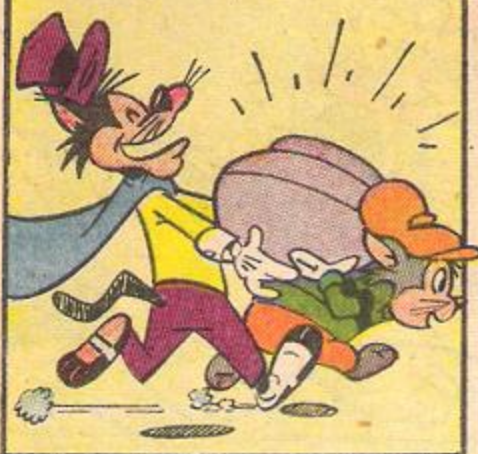
YIPPEE! THEY FELL FOR MY STORY, HOOK, LINE, AND STINGER...

GET THE PICTURE, SHADOW? THOSE LITTLE DOPES WILL SEND THEIR BEES AFTER ATOMIC MOUSE...

...AND WHILE THE BEES ARE BUSY PAYING ATOMIC MOUSE BACK FOR ALL HE'S EVER DONE TO US...

ATOMIC MOUSE

...THERE'LL BE NOTHING THE LEPRECHAUNS CAN DO HERE TO STOP US FROM GRABBING THE POT OF GOLD...



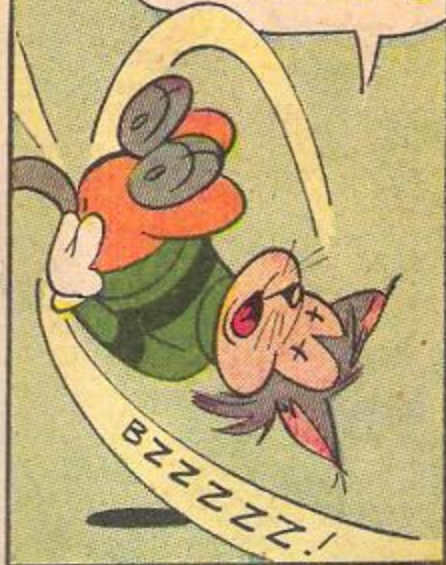
HOW WAS THAT FOR FAST THINKING, EH, SHADOW?

BZZZ!
BZZZ!



COUNT, YOU'RE IS A GENIUS! IF I'VE SAID IT ONCE, I'VE SAID IT A MILLION TIMES! YOU'RE IS A...

YEOW!



HEY! OWW! THE BEES ARE COMING AFTER US AGAIN!

THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO GO AFTER ATOMIC MOUSE! YA MADE A MISTAKE!

BZZZZ!

BZZZZ!

NO, WE DIDN'T! YOU MADE THE MISTAKE!

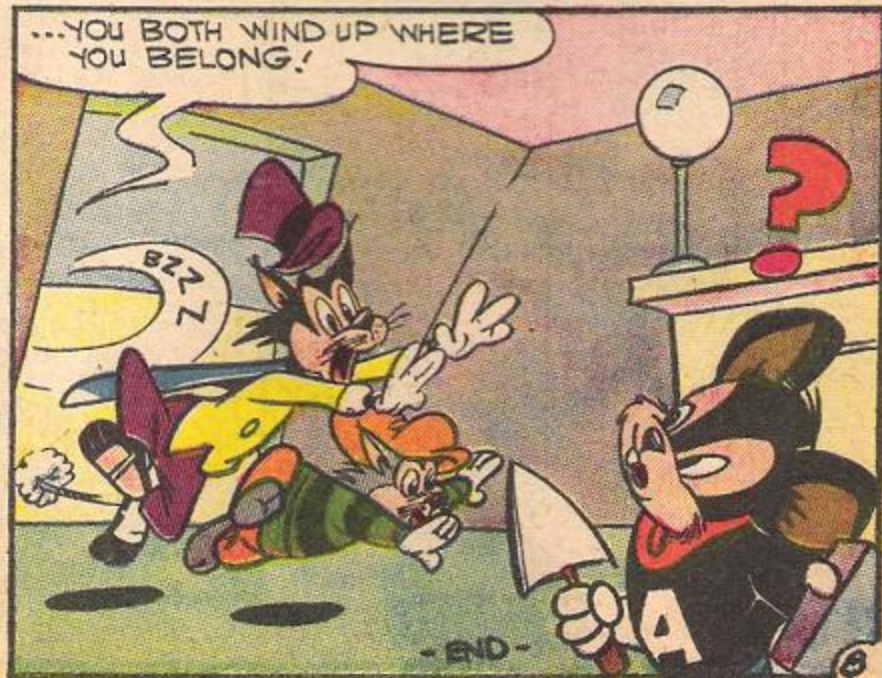
THE INVISIBLE BEES ARE ONLY PART OF WHAT WE USE TO GUARD THE GOLD! WE ALSO HAVE AN INVISIBLE LIE DETECTOR THAT TOLD US YOU WERE LYING ABOUT ATOMIC MOUSE!



BUT DON'T WORRY, THE BEES WON'T CHASE YOU FOREVER! THEY'LL TURN BACK JUST AS SOON AS...



...YOU BOTH WIND UP WHERE YOU BELONG!



-END-

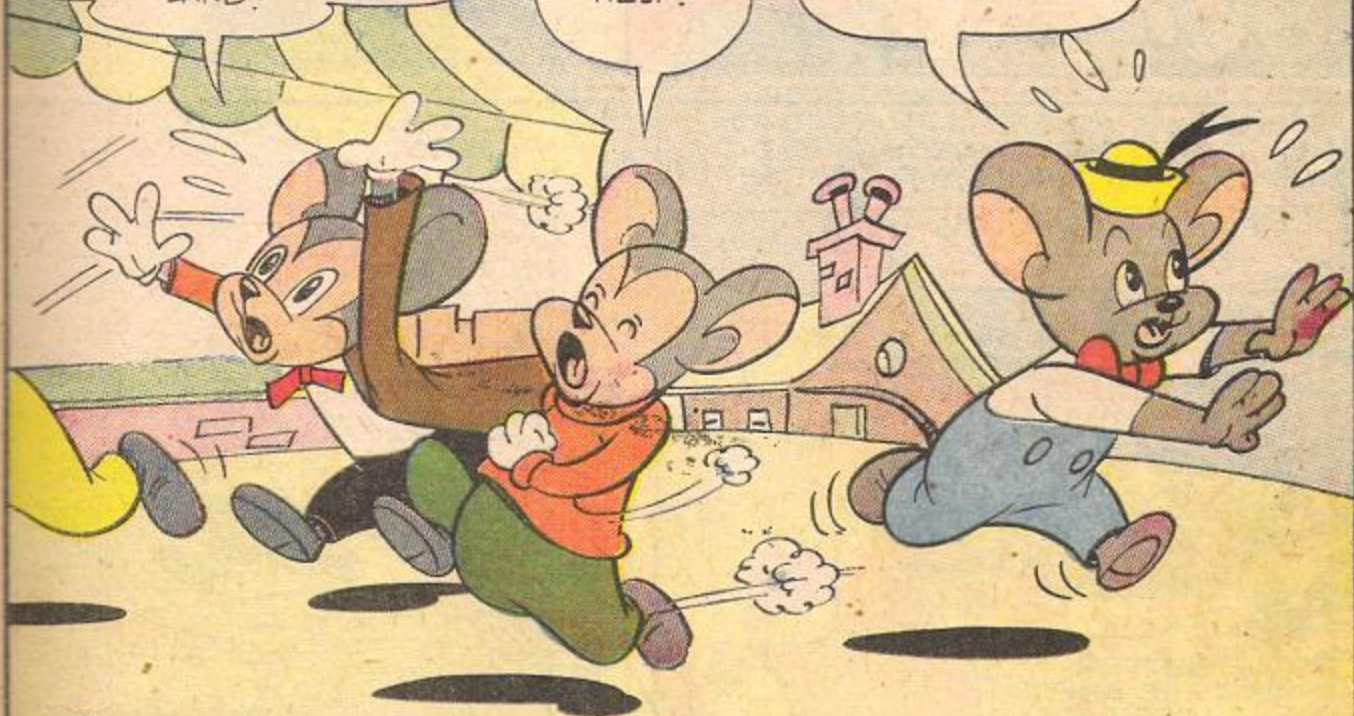
in
'MYKO'

ATOMIC MOUSE

RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
THE SPACESHIP MAY
LAND!

HELP!
HELP!

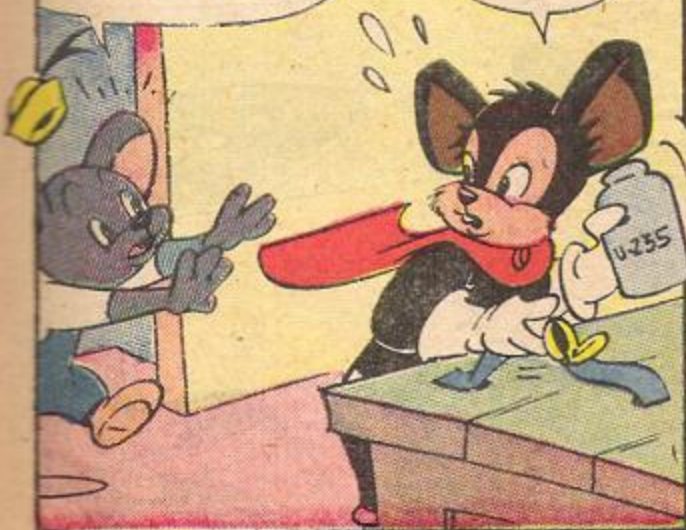
I'LL GO GET
ATOMIC MOUSE!



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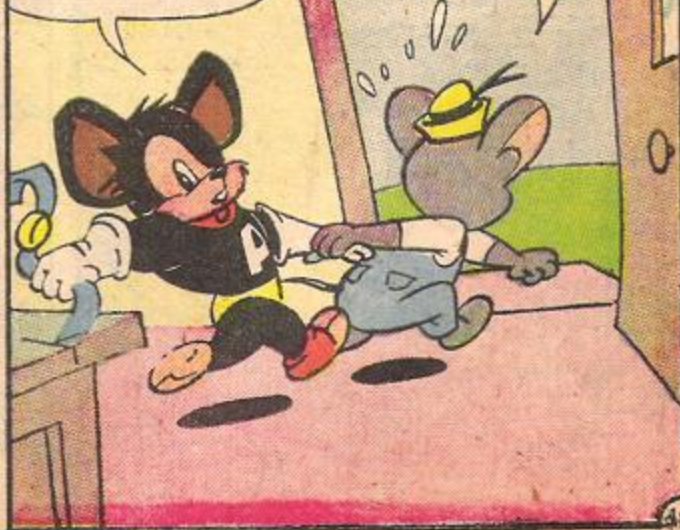
YOU HAVE TO
SAVE US,
ATOMIC MOUSE!

WHA...

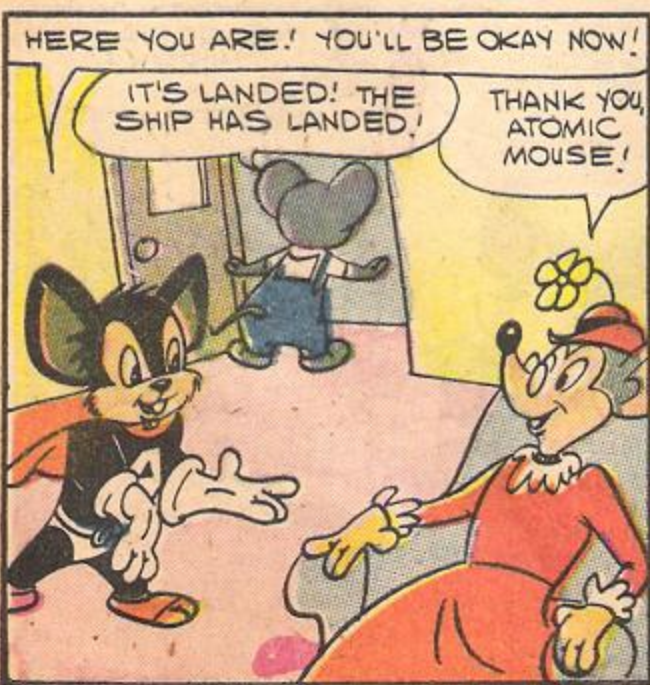
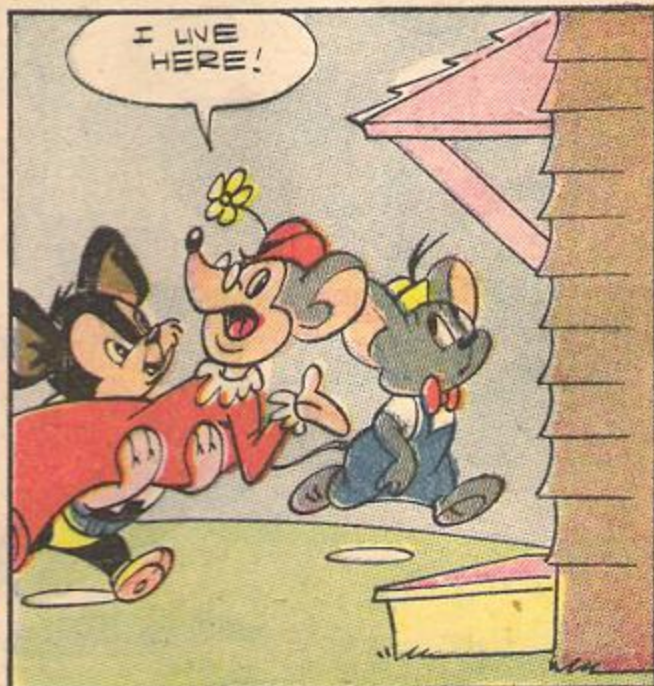
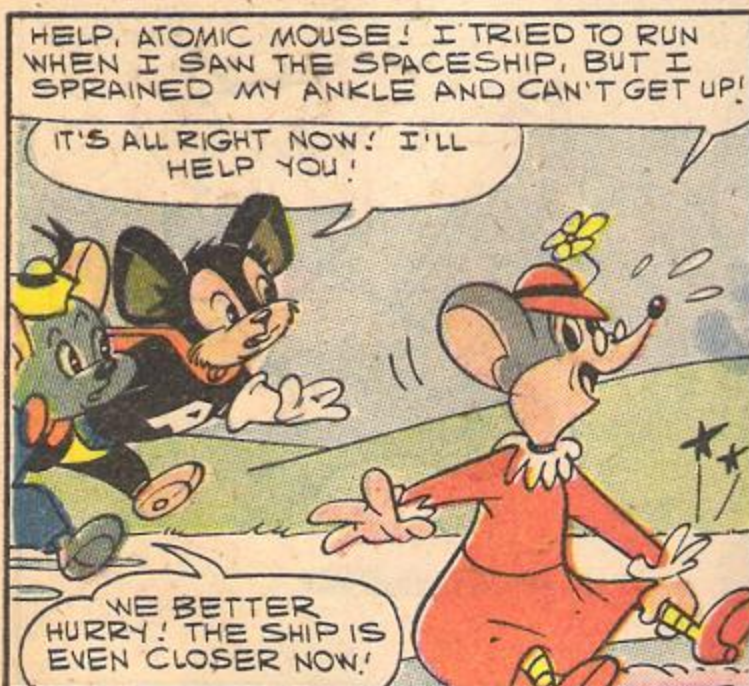


BETTER NOT
FORGET MY
U-235 PILLS!

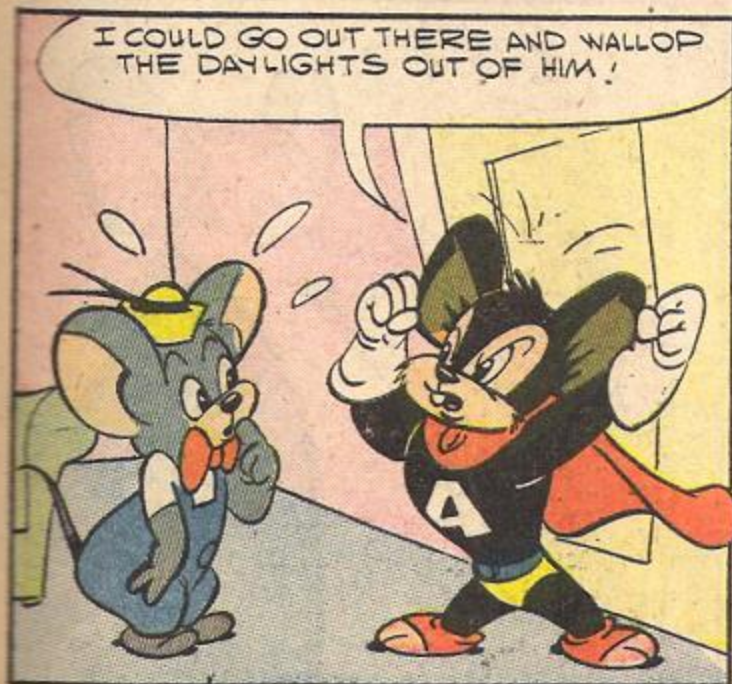
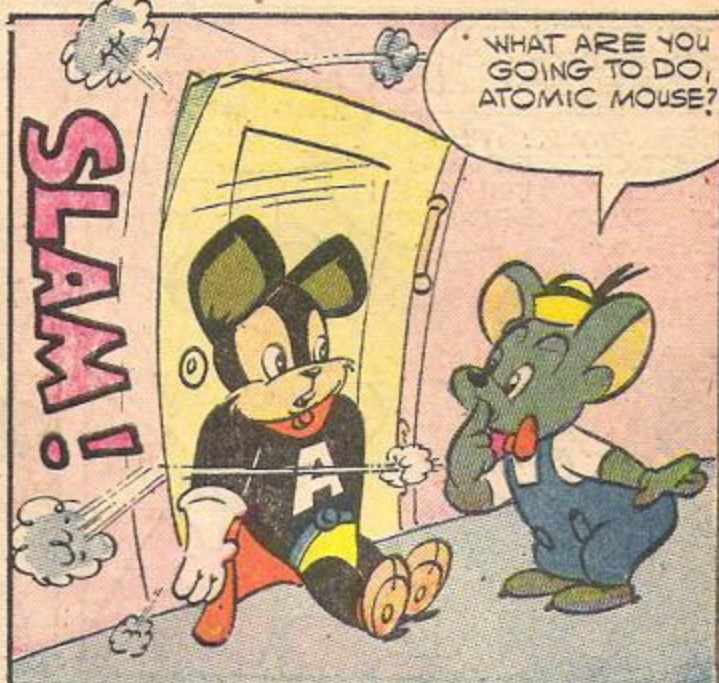
WE GOTTA
HURRY!



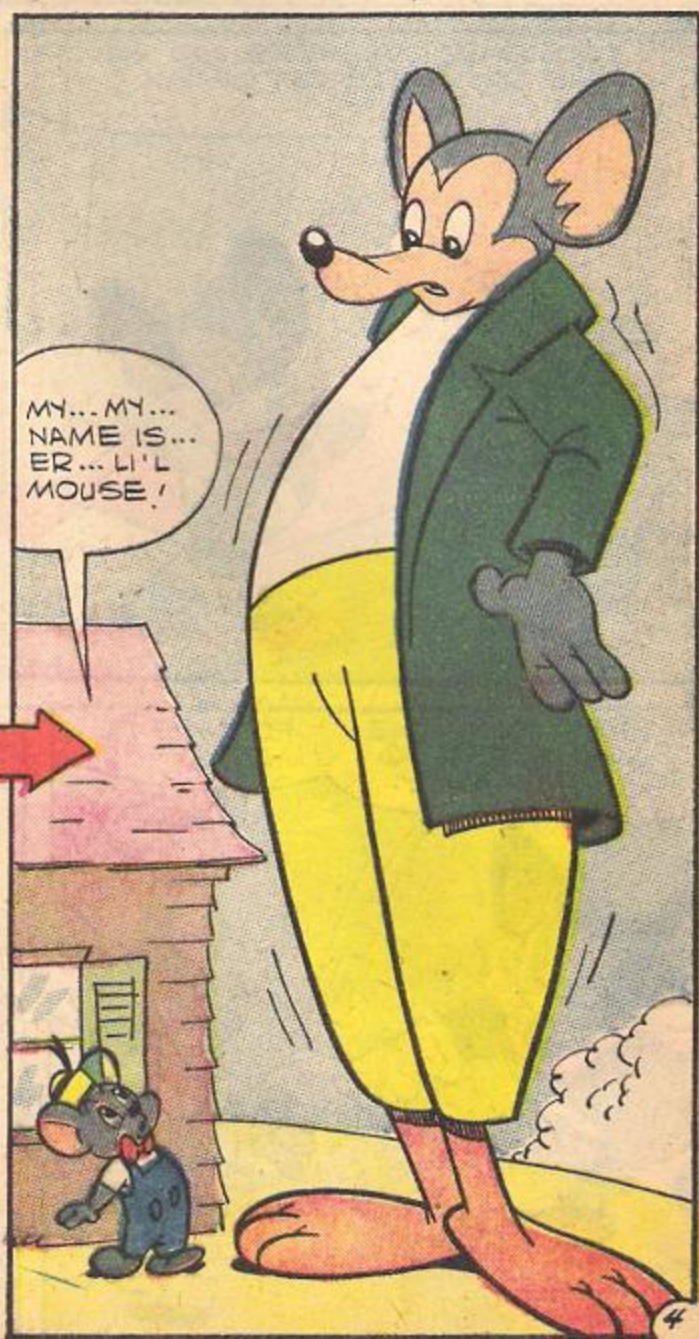
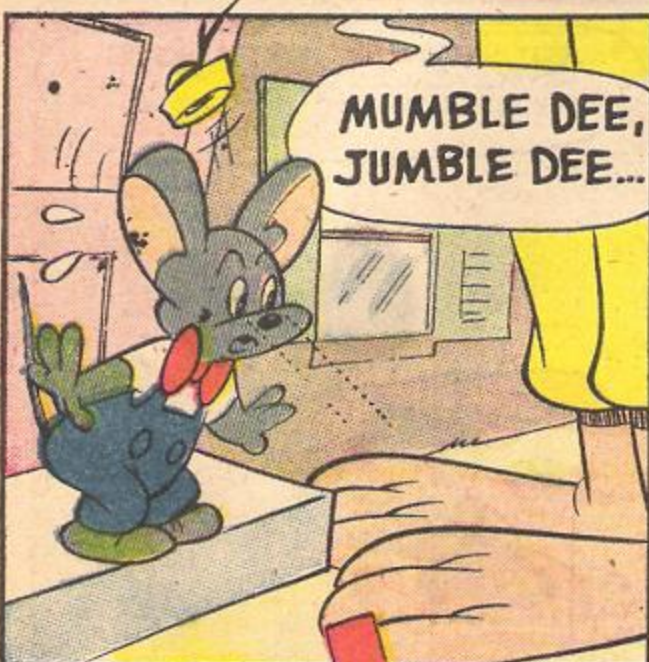
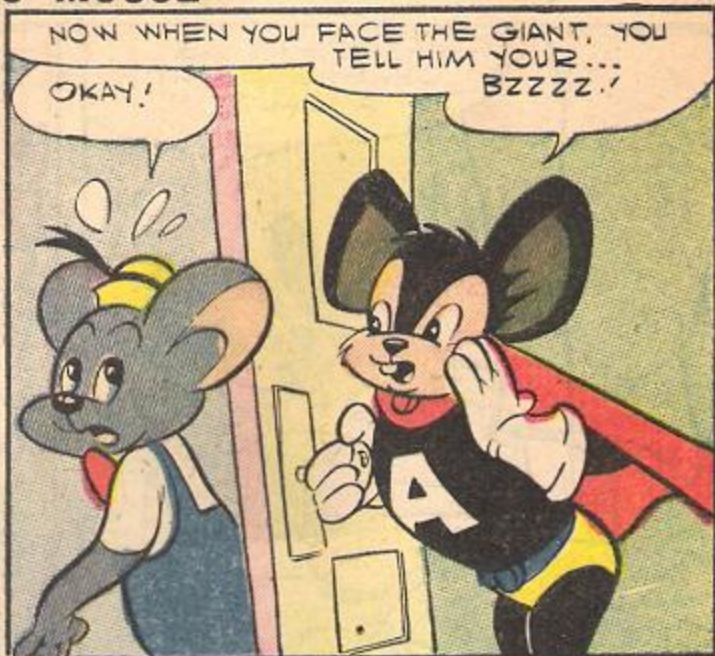
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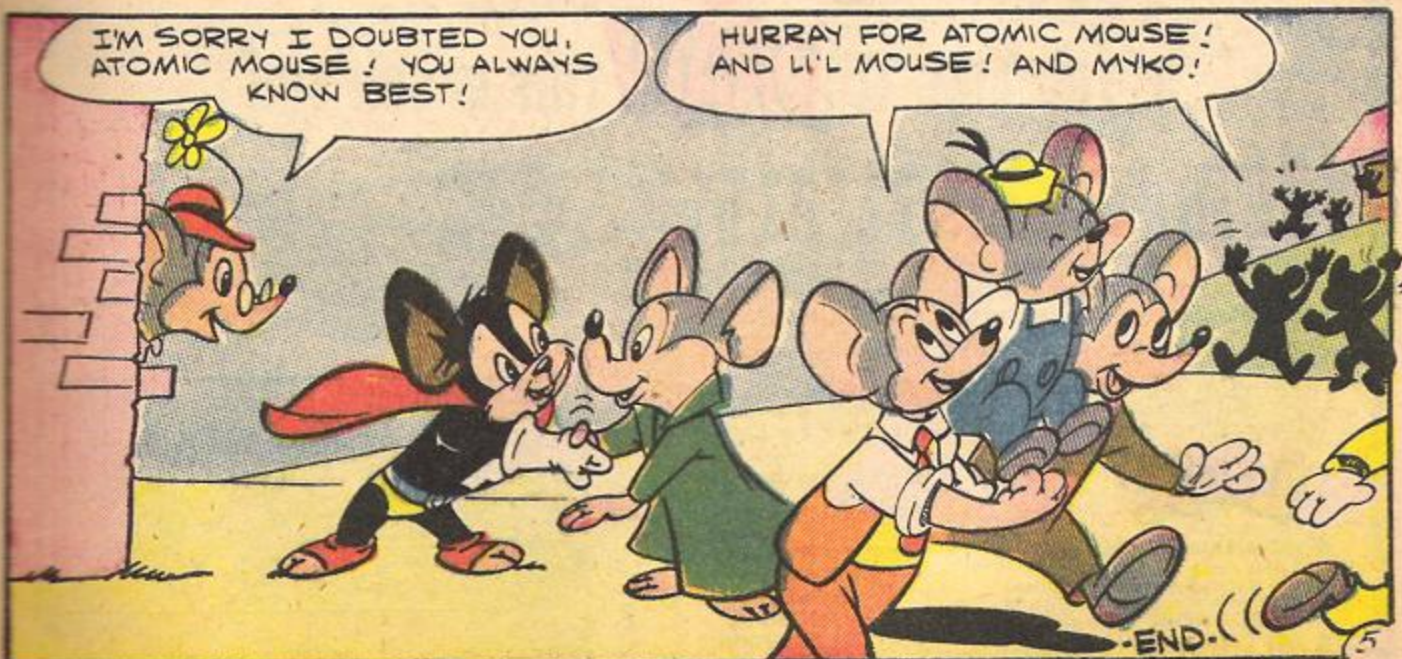
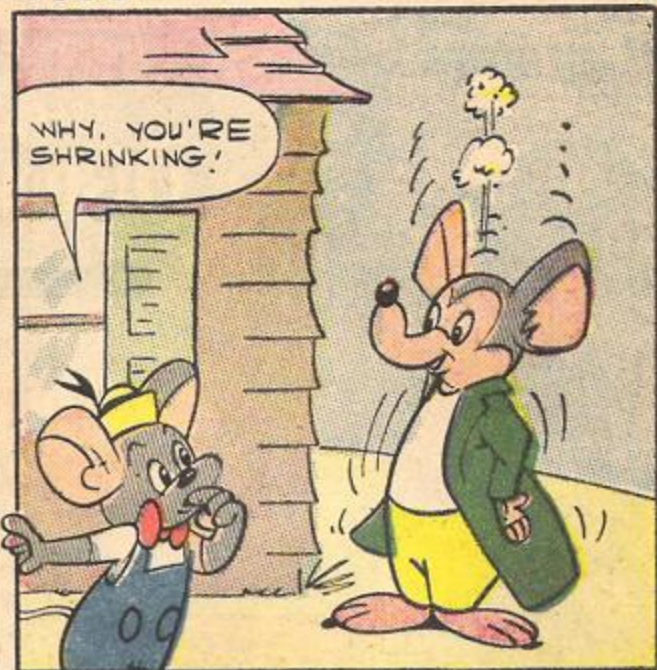
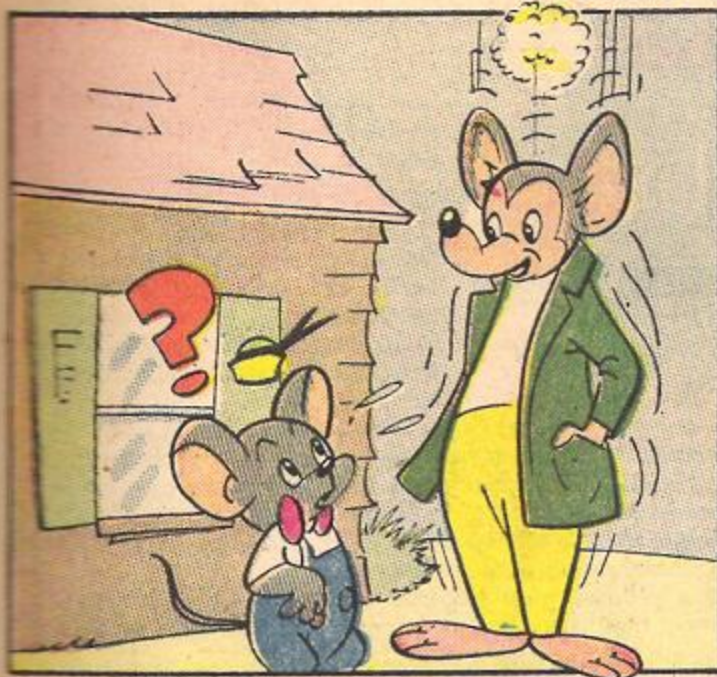
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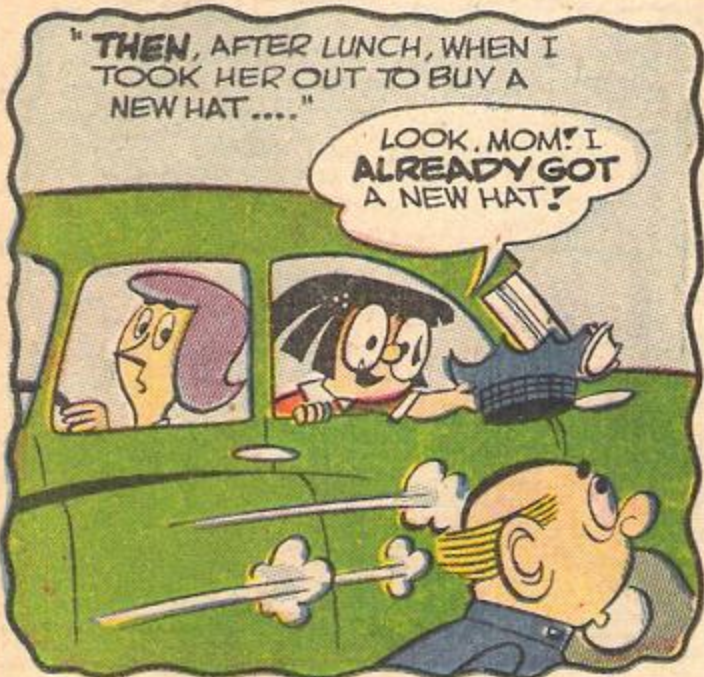
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a day with lil tomboy



ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE

"...FOR A COMPRESS FOR MY HEADACHE!"

L'I TOMBOY!
DO YOU KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO ALL THE ICE
CUBES?

SURE,
MOM!



THEY'RE
RIGHT OUT
HERE!



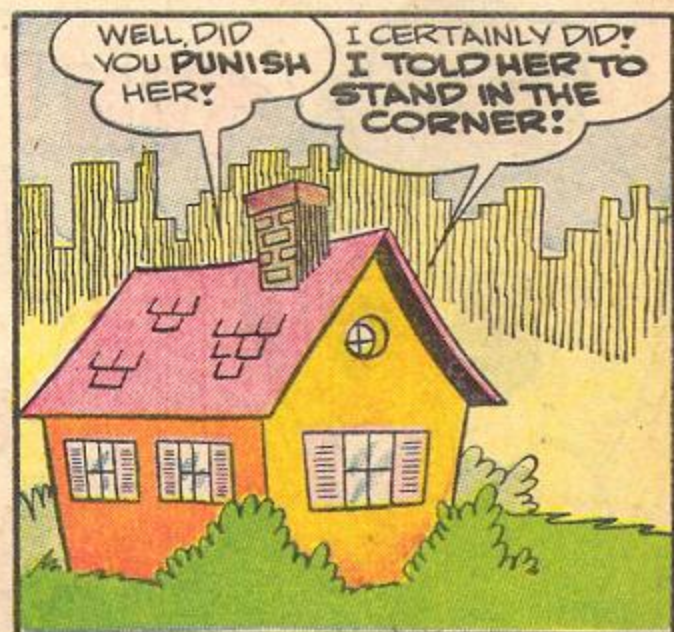
G-GOSH! THAT KID
CAN DO MORE IN
ONE DAY THAN A
WHOLE ARMY COULD
DO IN A MONTH!

YOU (GROAN)
CAN SAY THAT
AGAIN!



WELL, DID
YOU PUNISH
HER?

I CERTAINLY DID!
I TOLD HER TO
STAND IN THE
CORNER!



THAT WAS OVER
TWO HOURS
AGO!



..AND SHE'S STILL
STANDING
THERE!



The
END

ATOMIC MOUSE

GUS THE GOOFY GHOST

'HMMM'

52191

LET'S SEE, GUS, IF YOU CAN TELL THE CLASS HOW MANY FINGERS YOU HAVE!



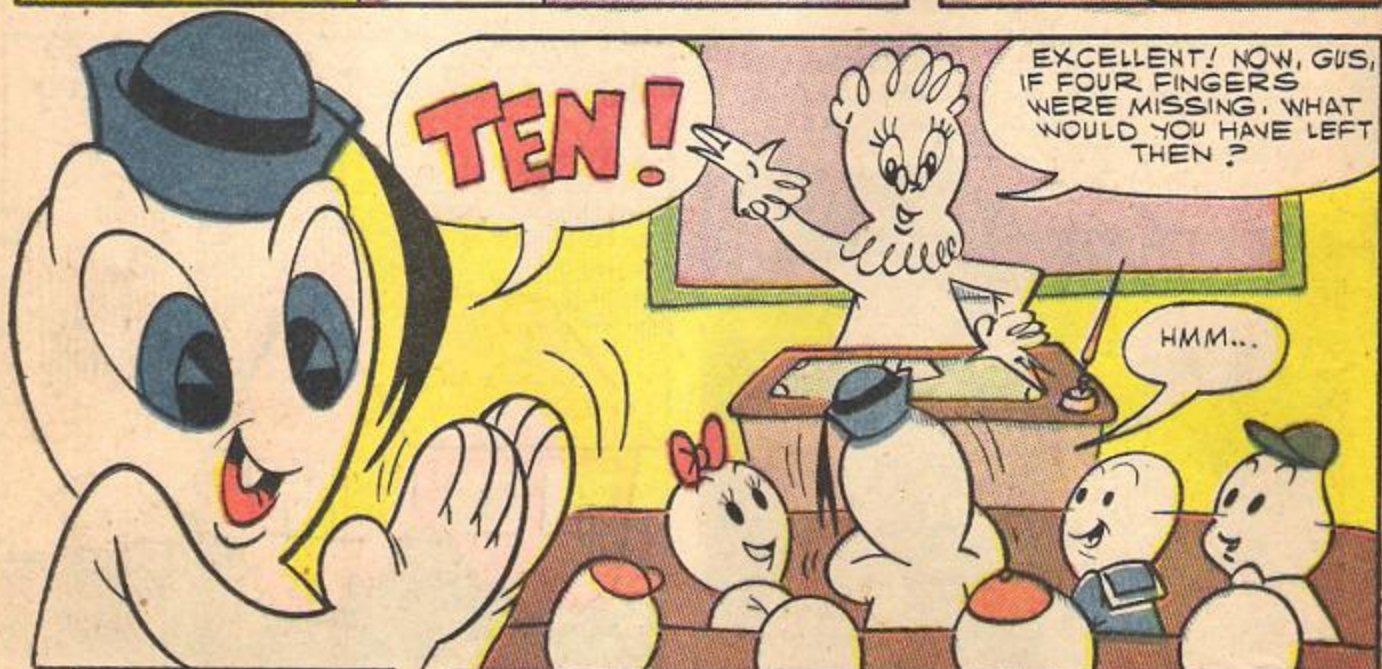
HMMM...



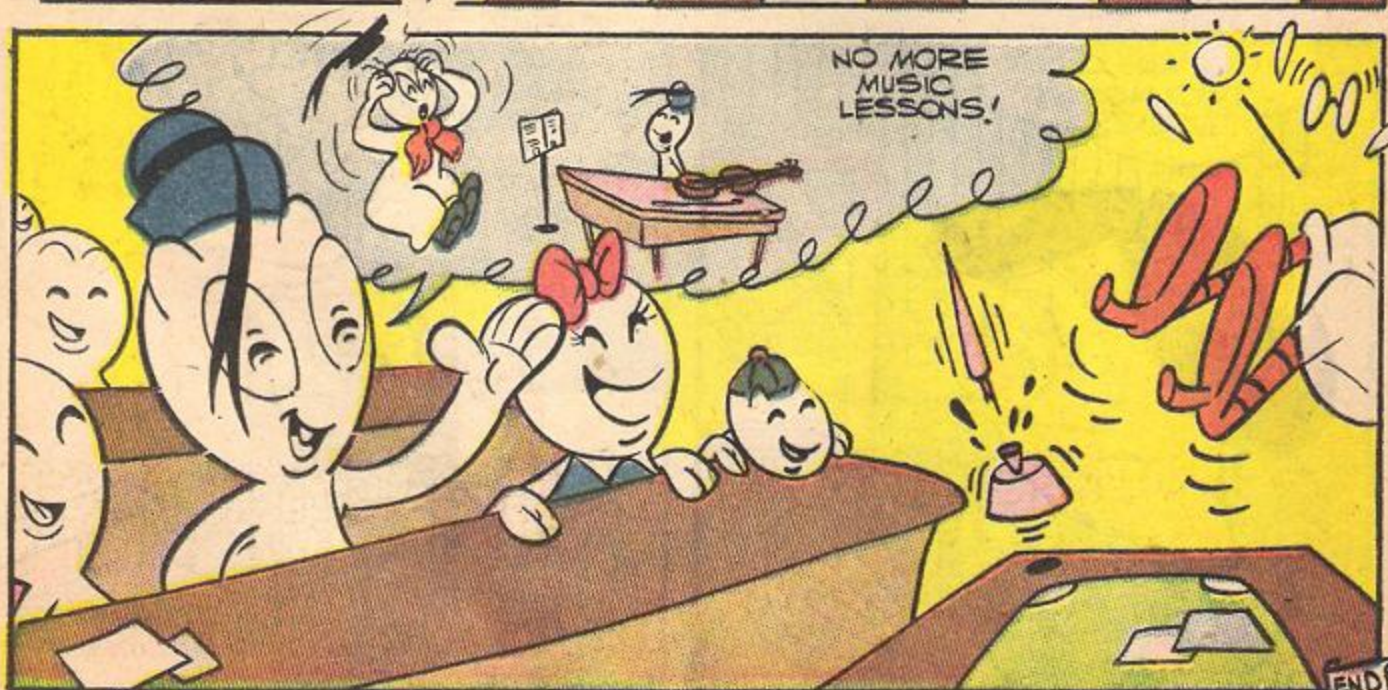
TEN!

EXCELLENT! NOW, GUS, IF FOUR FINGERS WERE MISSING, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE LEFT THEN?

HMM...



NO MORE MUSIC LESSONS!



END



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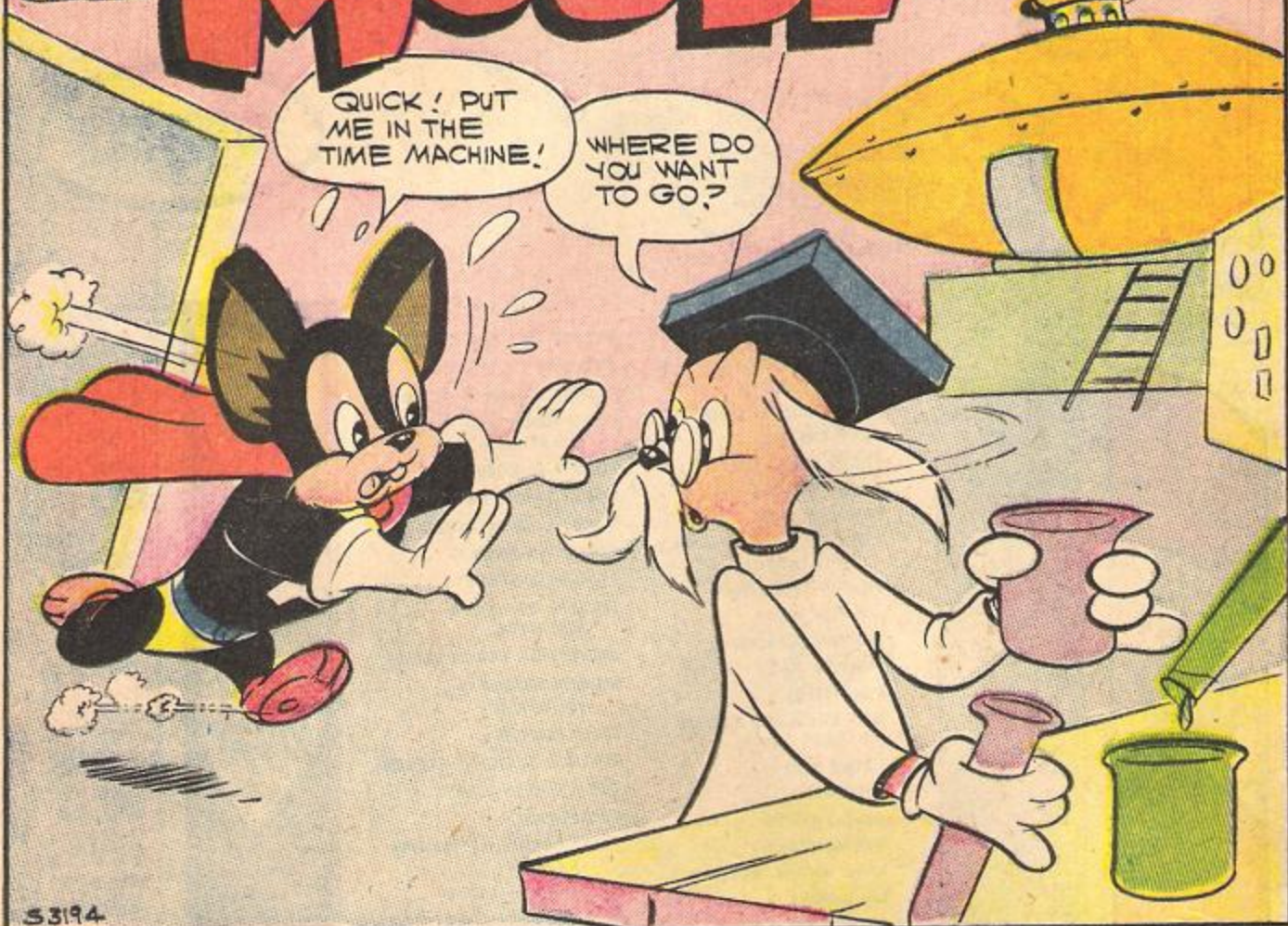
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ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

ATOMIC MOUSE

in

LITTLE
DINA



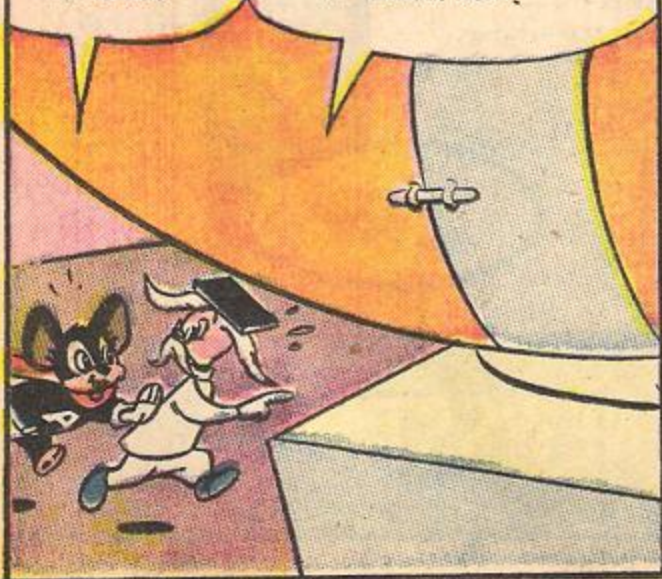
QUICK! PUT
ME IN THE
TIME MACHINE!

WHERE DO
YOU WANT
TO GO?

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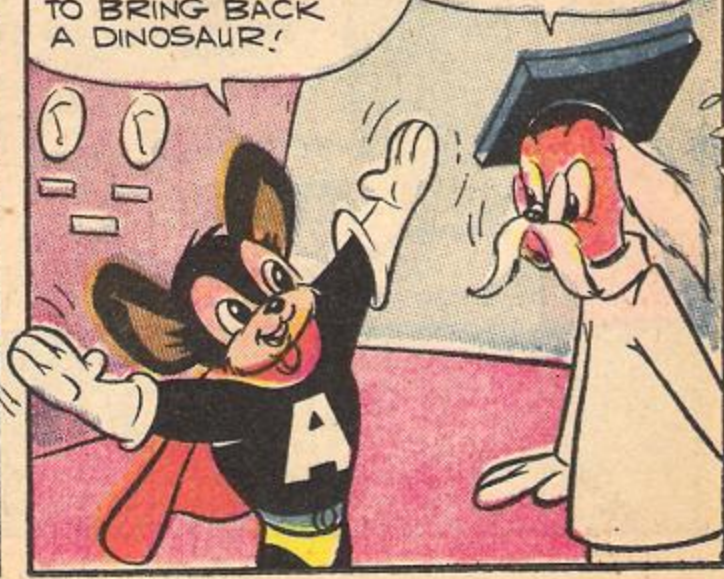
BACK TO
PREHISTORIC
TIMES!

THAT DOESN'T SOUND
LIKE THE PLACE FOR
A VACATION!



I'M NOT GOING FOR
A VACATION! I HAVE
WORK TO DO! I HAVE
TO BRING BACK
A DINOSAUR!

A DINOSAUR?
WHAT IN THE
WORLD FOR?



ATOMIC MOUSE

TO EXHIBIT AT THE INTERNATIONAL ANIMAL SHOW! THE FUNDS OF THE SHOW WILL GO TOWARD WORLD RELIEF!

SO WHY BRING A DINOSAUR? WHY NOT BRING A NICE BUSHY, RINGED-TAIL RACCOON? THEY'RE NOT FOUND IN ASIA OR EUROPE!



THEY'RE NICE LITTLE ANIMALS, BUT PRACTICALLY EVERY ZOO OVERSEAS HAS HAD ONE SHIPPED THERE FROM HERE AND MOST PEOPLE HAVE SEEN ONE ALREADY!



THE SHOW NEEDS A COLOSSAL ATTRACTION TO BE A SUCCESS... SOMETHING NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN BEFORE!

IT'S A SURE THING THAT NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN A LIVE DINOSAUR! IF YOU'RE READY, I'LL SEND YOU OFF ON THE TIME WAVES!



READY!

THEN HERE WE GO!



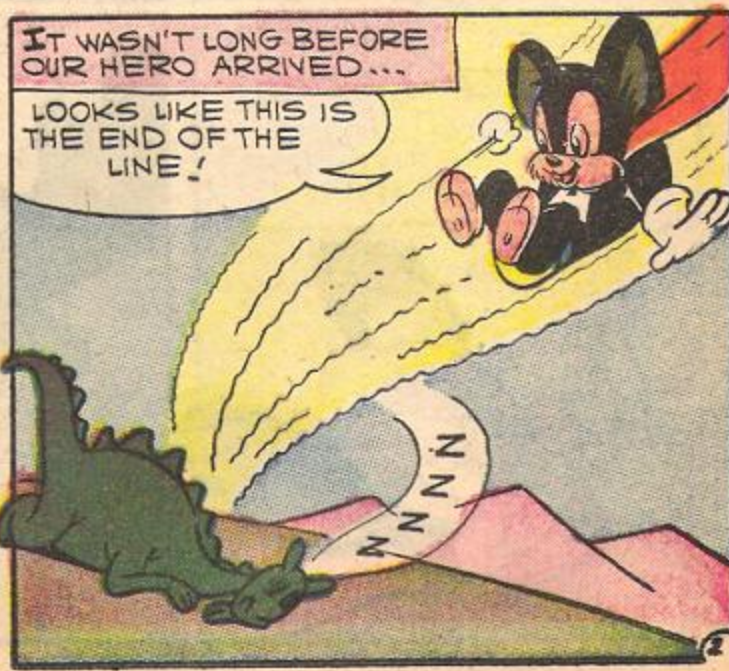
IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES, ATOMIC MOUSE WAS RIDING ALONG THE TIME WAVES ON HIS WAY TO PREHISTORIC TIMES...

THAT TIME MACHINE DOESN'T WASTE ANY TIME! I'M ALREADY OVER MEDIEVAL TIMES!

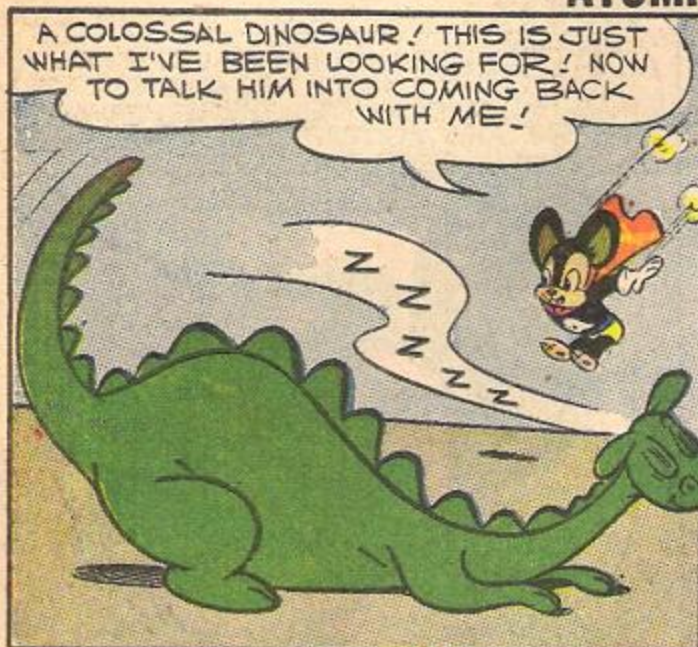


IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE OUR HERO ARRIVED...

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!



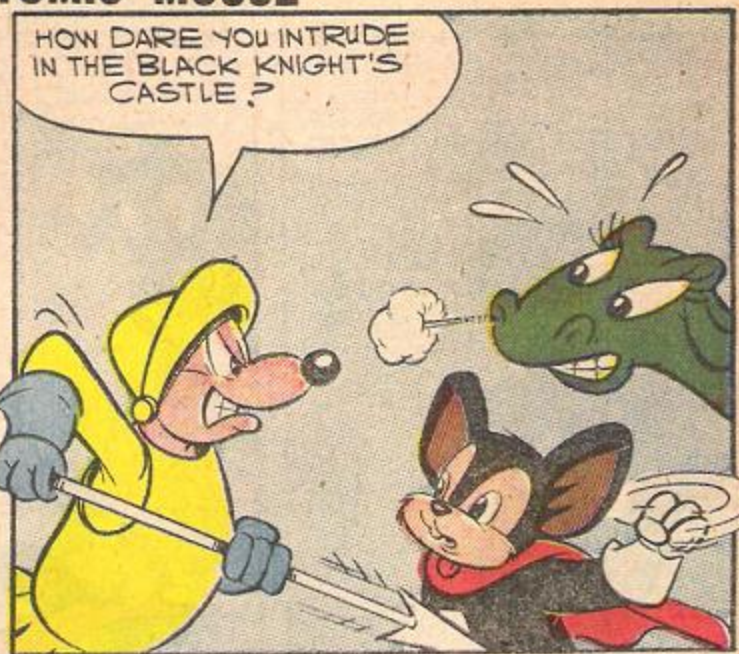
ATOMIC MOUSE



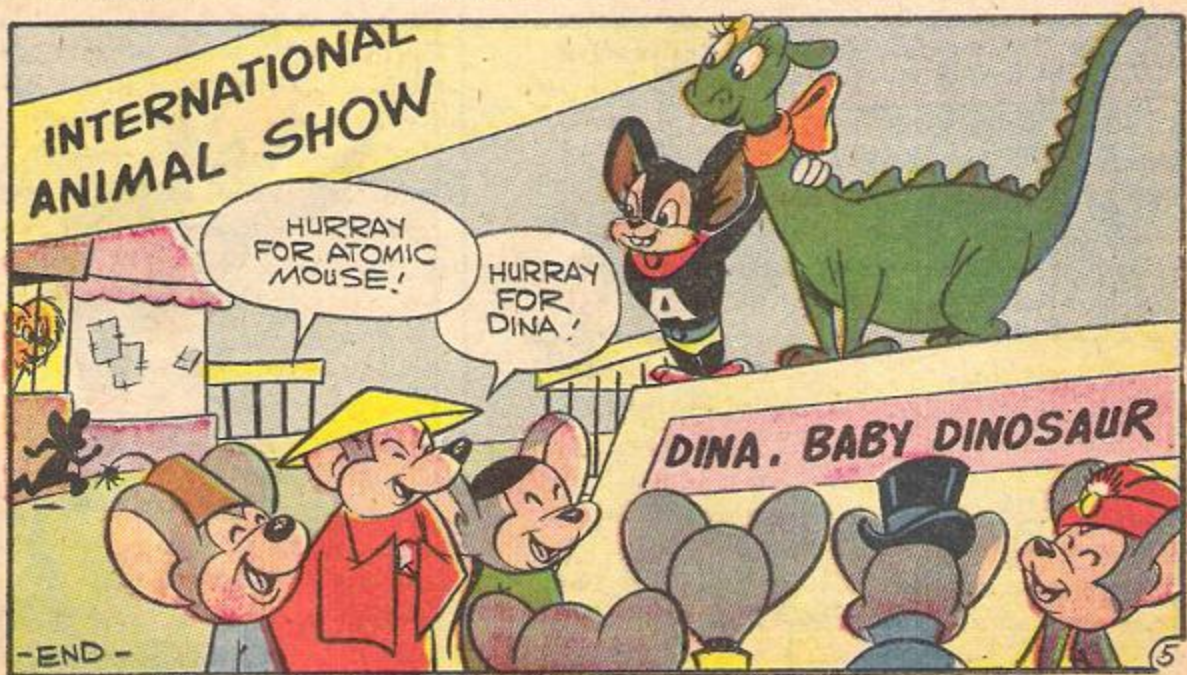
ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE



DINA AND ATOMIC MOUSE ARRIVED IN 1958 WITHOUT ANY FURTHER DELAY AND WENT STRAIGHT TO THE INTERNATIONAL ANIMAL SHOW...



THE FLYING SAUCERS

The sun rose over Sugar Hill Mountain — just like it did every morning — and all the animals who lived in Woodville began their usual Saturday-morning chores. Pa Groundhog went outside, looked around to see if he could find his shadow, then went back into the house to have his breakfast. Mrs. Rabbit woke up her little ones, made them wash behind their ears (which was quite a job) and got them dressed. The chipmunk family was all excited; for they were planning to go on a picnic — and it looked like it would be a bright sunny day.

Suddenly the early-morning silence was broken by a shrill cry. "They're here, they're here — the flying saucers have landed. Everybody run for the hills before it's too late."

Little heads poked out of windows to see what the disturbance was.

"Help, help," the voice went on, "I just saw flying saucers land in Farmer Brown's field. You're all in danger."

Now the animals could see that the one responsible for all this noise was Shifty Squirrel. He was darting in and out among the houses shouting, at the top of his lungs, that flying saucers had just landed in Farmer Brown's field. Shifty had long been known to be somewhat careless with the truth, but none of the animals bothered to think of that. All they could imagine was flying saucers coming to their peaceful little town, with strange-looking pilots taking over their very lives. It was a terrible thought — and before long the whole town was in a panic. Every animal locked the doors and windows of his house and stayed indoors. There was no noise of any kind. The citizens of Woodville were waiting for the worst to happen.

When Mr. and Mrs. Mouse heard the news about the flying saucers, they, like all the others,

locked themselves inside their house. But little Squeaky Mouse couldn't understand why his Mother and Father were so afraid. Had anybody else seen the flying saucers? Had anybody heard anything? No! Then why did they all believe Shifty Squirrel?

Squeaky was determined to find out if Shifty had told the truth — and he knew there was only one way of learning this. He would have to go to Farmer Brown's field and see for himself if there were any flying saucers there.

When Squeaky told his Mother what was on his mind, she was very upset.

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Mouse. "You want to go to Farmer Brown's field and see if you can find the flying saucers? Absolutely not! All of Woodville is fearing for its very life, and you ask me for permission to go to the most dangerous place in the area. Son, you'd better not leave this house until the danger is over or I'll have to punish you."

"But, Mom," argued Squeaky, "if somebody could prove that Shifty was just playing a joke, then nobody would have to be afraid anymore."

"Well then," said Mrs. Mouse, "it will have to be someone else — you're staying home."

Poor Squeaky Mouse. He was sure that Shifty Squirrel wasn't telling the truth about the flying saucers, but the rumor had taken hold. Squeaky felt very sad that all his relatives and friends had to be afraid — so he decided to go against his mother's wishes and pay a visit to Farmer Brown's field. He didn't like the idea of disobeying his mother (he had always been a good son), but, nevertheless, that night Squeaky sneaked out of the house and scampered off toward the forbidden field.

Squeaky approached Farmer Brown's field

very cautiously. Although he didn't have much faith in Shifty's story, he didn't want to take any unnecessary chances. At the edge of the field Squeaky stopped and looked around. It was a bright, starry night, and he could see what was in the field quite well. At first glance there was nothing unusual to be seen, so the little mouse decided to circle the field slowly. When he got to a point about half way from where he had started, Squeaky suddenly stopped.

What are those bright, shiny objects lying there glistening in the moonlight?

Gathering up his courage, he slowly crawled toward the strange objects. Then he began to laugh.

"Just as I thought," said Squeaky to himself when he finally stopped laughing. "That rascal Shifty Squirrel has done it again. Those are saucers all right, but they're the kind we all eat out of — and, what's more, they're broken."

Just then Squeaky heard the sound of voices in the farm house nearby. As the voices became louder, he recognized them as belonging to Farmer Brown and his wife. It seemed that the Browns were arguing over something — and every once in a while there would be a crash.

You'd better get up early tomorrow morning and plow that field," shouted Mrs. Brown.

"I will not," answered Farmer Brown, "I'm sleeping late tomorrow."

"Oh, why did I have to marry such a lazy man!" Mrs. Brown went on. "We'll never have any crops this year!"

Then there was another loud crash, and Squeaky saw a frying pan come flying through the window.

"So that's how those saucers got onto the field," Squeaky said to himself. "The Browns are having an argument, and Mrs. Brown is throwing things at her husband. They're so silly — always fighting — when tomorrow morning they'll be just like two little love birds."

Then Squeaky realized why he had come to the field in the first place.

"Hey!" he shouted out loud, "I'd better get back to Woodville and tell the other animals the truth about the flying saucers."

And the little mouse ran home as fast as he could.

When Squeaky arrived, panting, at his house, he found his Mother waiting for him at the door. One look at her face told him that she was very angry.

"You get right in this house at once, Squeaky!" said Mrs. Mouse who was both angry and frightened. "You don't have to tell

me where you've been; I know you must have gone to Farmer Brown's field to investigate the flying saucers. Well, thank heavens you're all right. Now you can just go up to your room until your father and I decide how to punish you."

"But, Ma," pleaded Squeaky, "the flying saucers are nothing more than the kind of saucers you have in your kitchen. They were flying only when Mrs. Jones threw them at Farmer Jones during an argument. I know — I saw them."

At that moment Mr. Mouse came to the door.

"What's this about kitchen saucers," asked Mr. Mouse. "You mean that the flying saucers were just dishware, son?"

"Honest, Pop," answered Squeaky, "I saw them myself."

"All right, Squeaky," said Mr. Mouse, "I'm going to take your word for it and organize a committee to investigate the field. If your story is true, you won't be punished for leaving the house — but if you're lying, then not only will you be punished but you'll make a fool of me and perhaps place the committee in danger."

"Don't worry, Pop," said Squeaky Mouse, "Everything will be all right once you've seen the saucers."

Mr. Mouse rounded up Mr. Rabbit, Mr. Fox and Mr. Squirrel (Shifty's father) to serve as the investigating committee, and they set out immediately for Farmer Brown's field. When they returned to Woodville, there was a big smile on the face of Mr. Mouse.

"You were right, son," Mr. Mouse called out to Squeaky, who had been waiting for them to return. "We all saw the 'flying saucers,' and we know that the whole scare was just another of Shifty Squirrel's jokes — only this one wasn't very funny."

"That's right," Mr. Squirrel spoke up. "Just wait until I get my hands on that son of mine."

Shifty Squirrel had been hiding nearby, and when he heard what his father said, he tried to run away. But Mr. Squirrel gave chase, caught Shifty by his bushy tail and brought him back to where the others were standing.

"I didn't lie, I didn't lie," cried Shifty. "I said there were flying saucers, and that's just what you found — saucers that had been flying."

"Right you are, Shifty," said Mr. Squirrel to his playful son. "And now let's go over to the woodshed. I have a feeling you'll next be 'seeing stars'."

THE END

ATOMIC MOUSE

TIMMY The TIMID GHOST

in LI'L
GHOST
AGAIN

S2287

AHHH! NOW FOR A
NICE QUIET EVEN-
ING WITH A GOOD...

WAAAH!

GULP!

HELLO,
LI'L
GHOST!

GOODBYE
QUIET
EVENING!

WAAH

WHAT'RE YOU CRYING ABOUT
THIS TIME, LI'L GHOST?

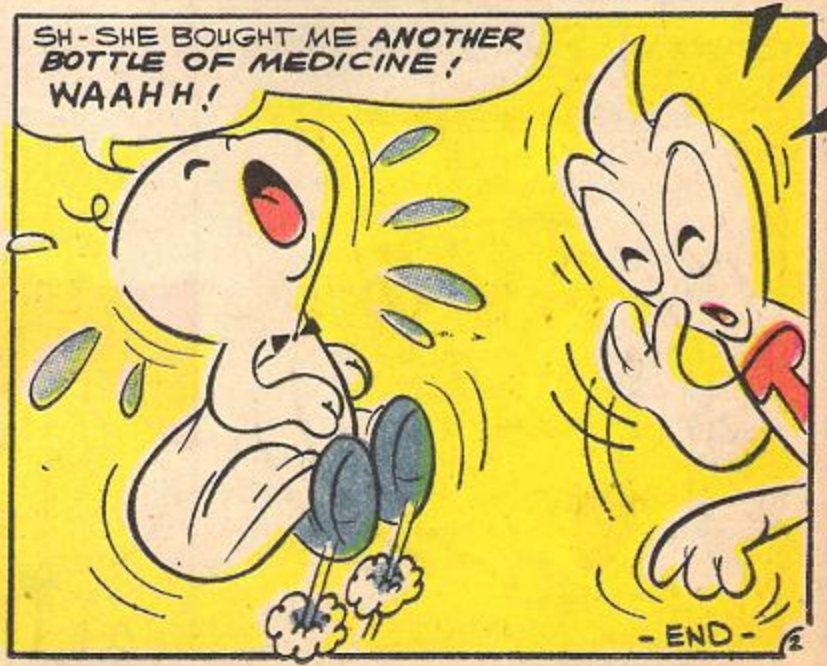
WAAAH H!

WAAH! MY MOTHER GAVE
ME TEN CENTS...

... "EVERY TIME I TOOK MY MEDICINE,
SHE SAID" ...

REMEMBER,
LI'L GHOST,
WHEN YOU'VE
SAVED UP
A WHOLE
DOLLAR...

ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE

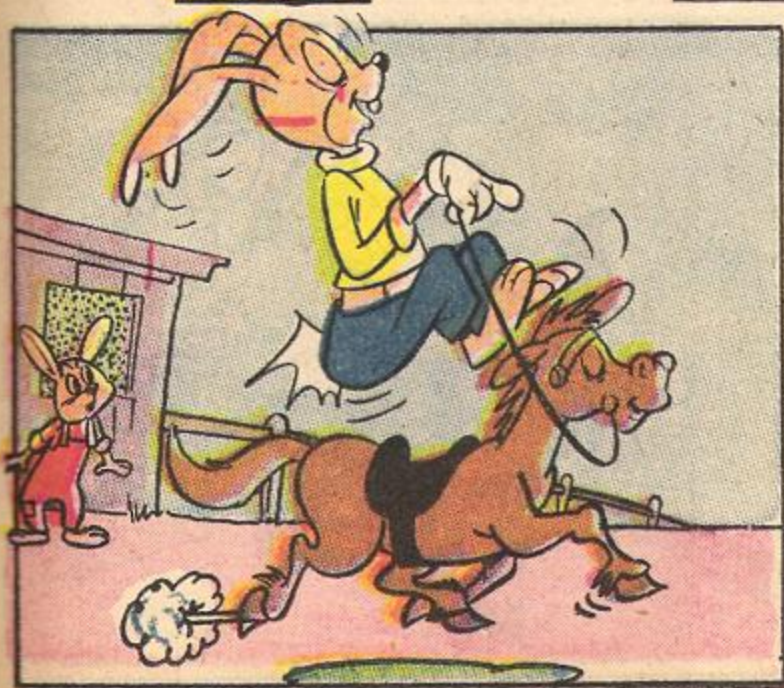
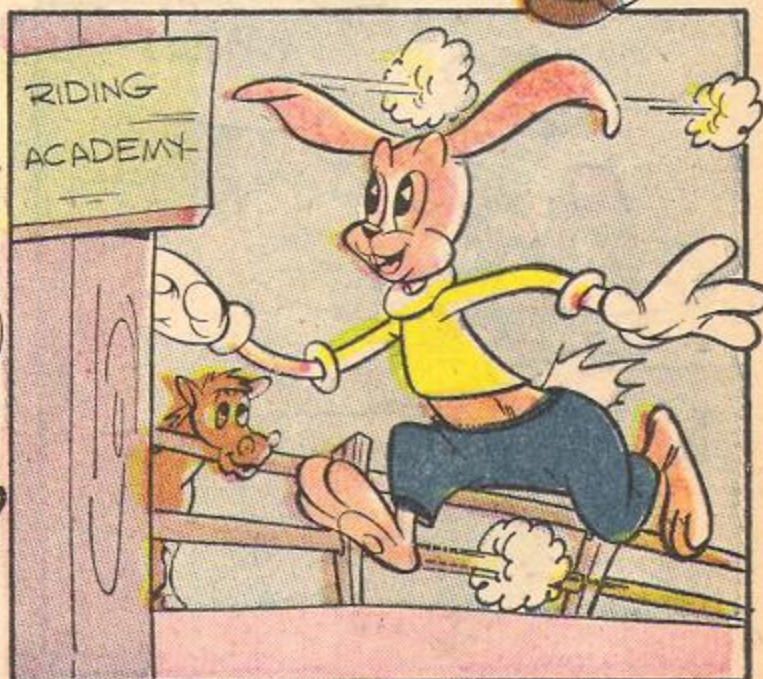
GOOFY RABBIT

in

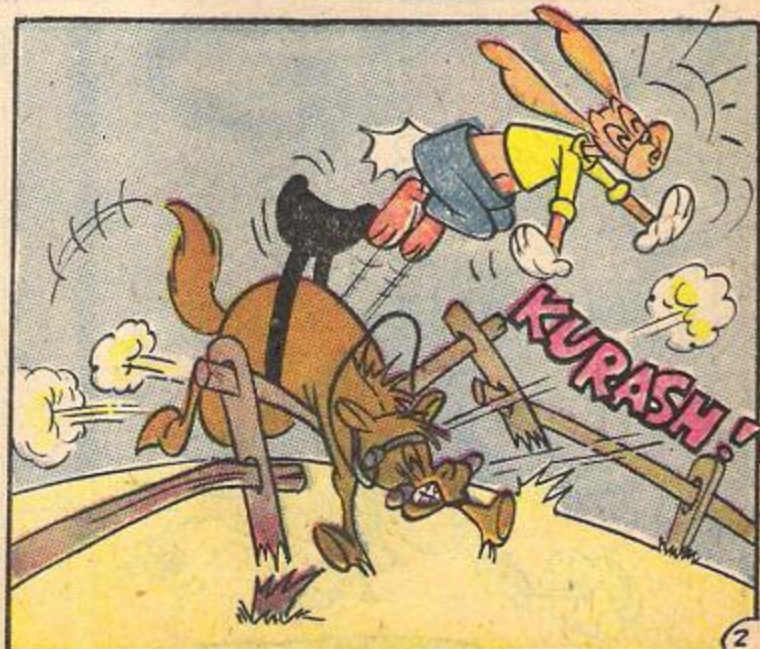
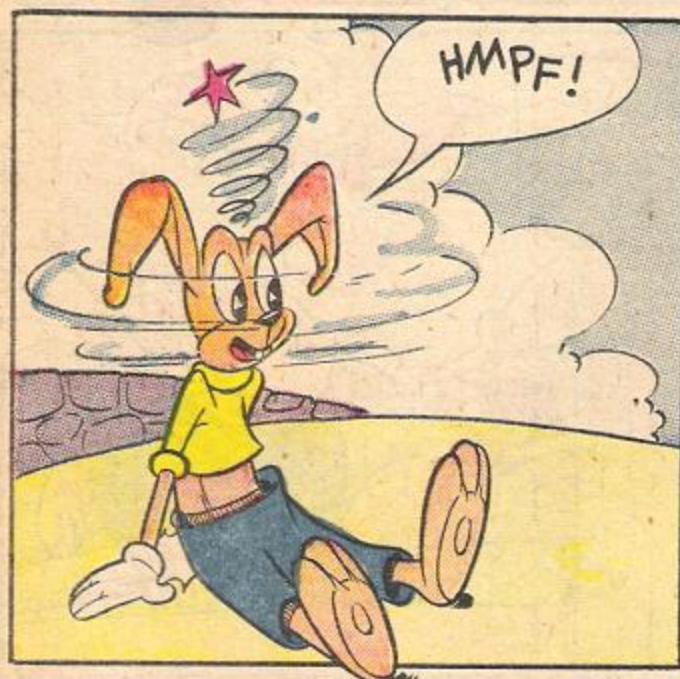
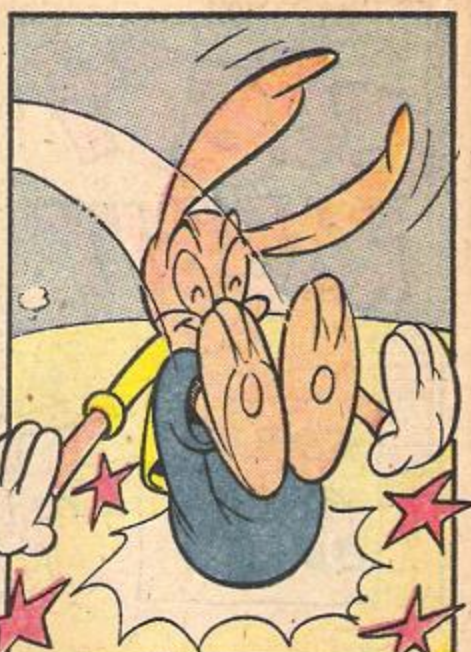
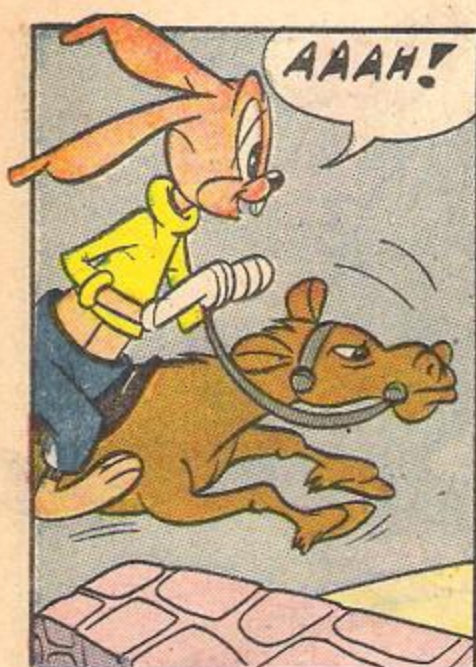
GOOFY
GOES
OVER

53087

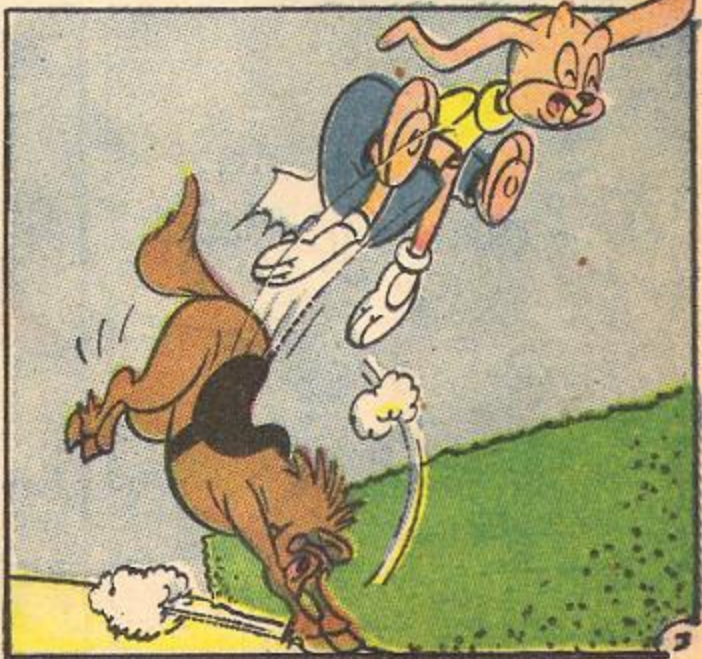
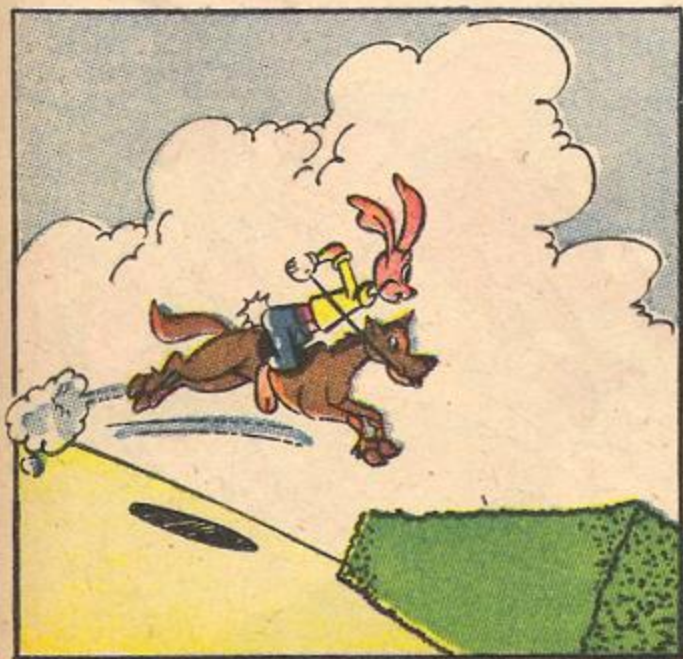
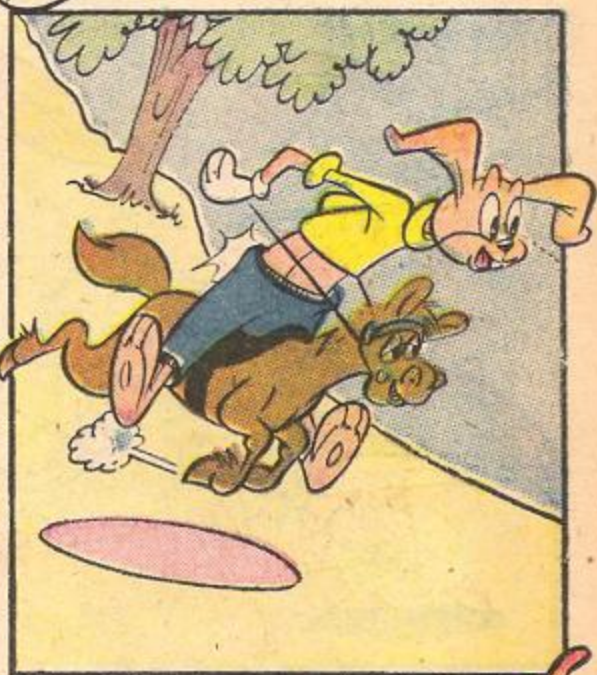
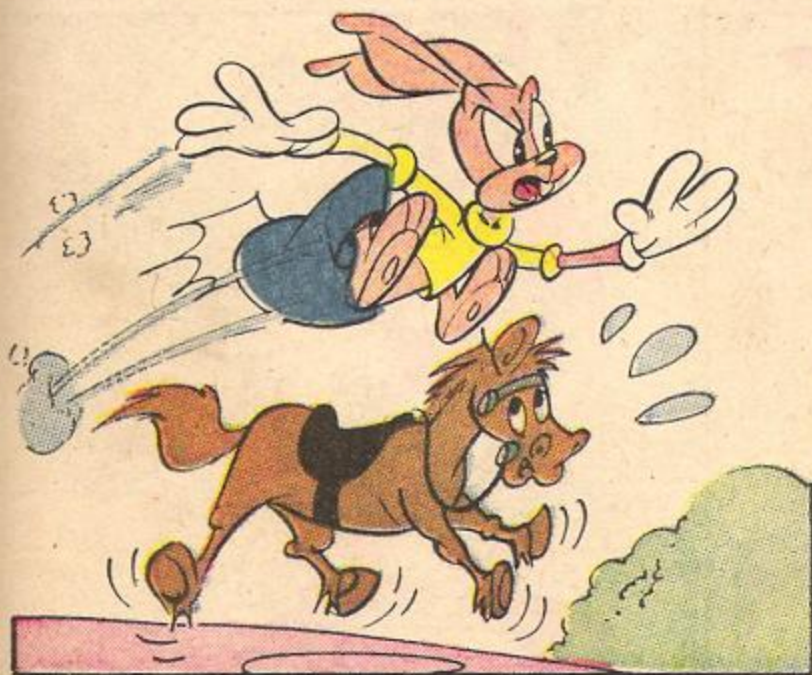
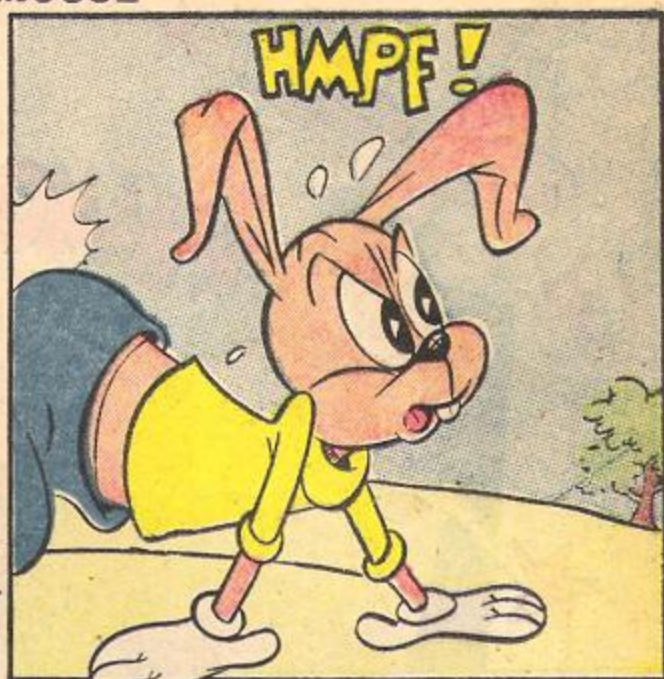
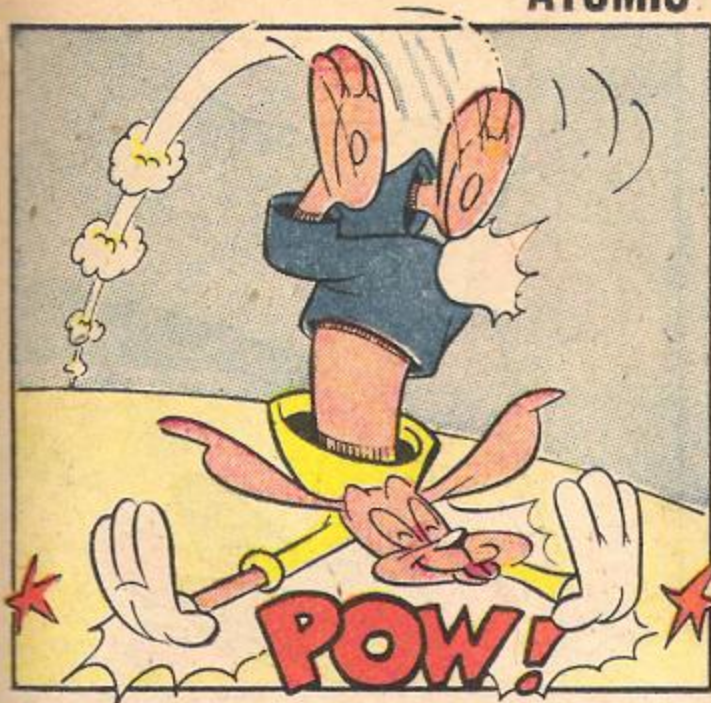
WHEN! AIN'T
THAT
SOMETHIN'...



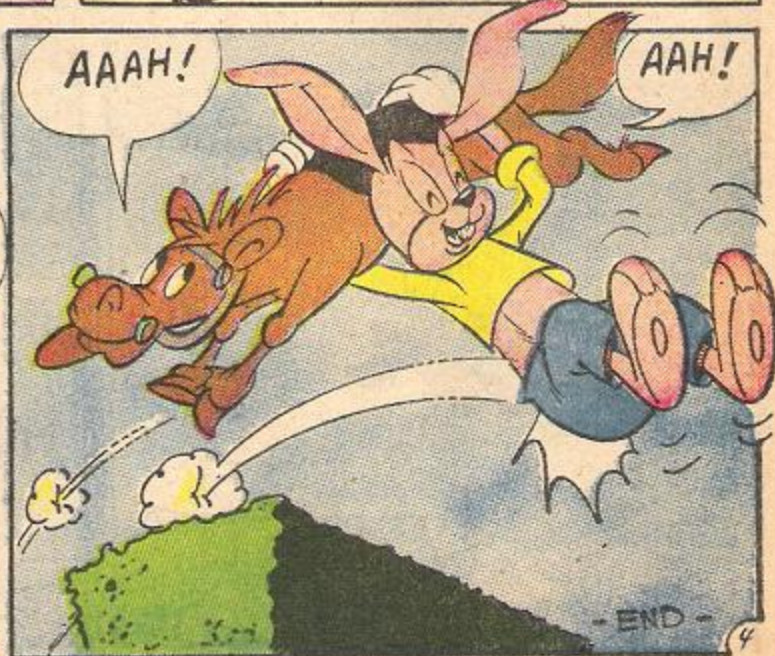
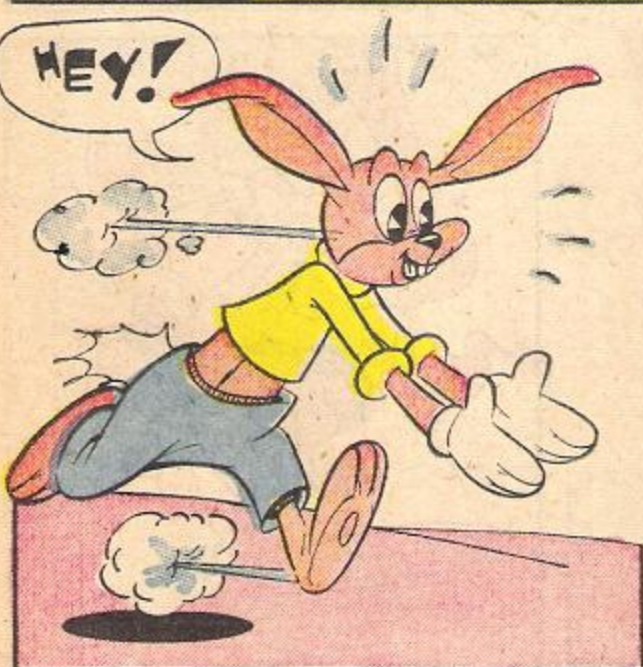
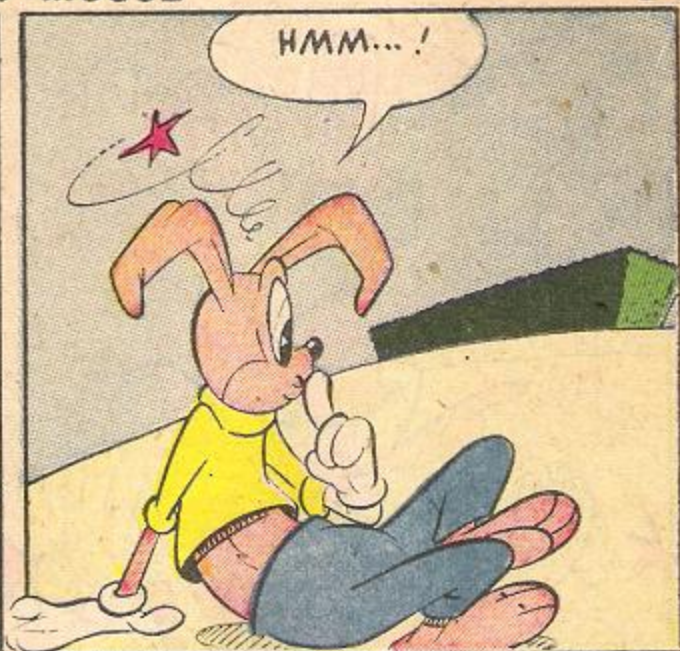
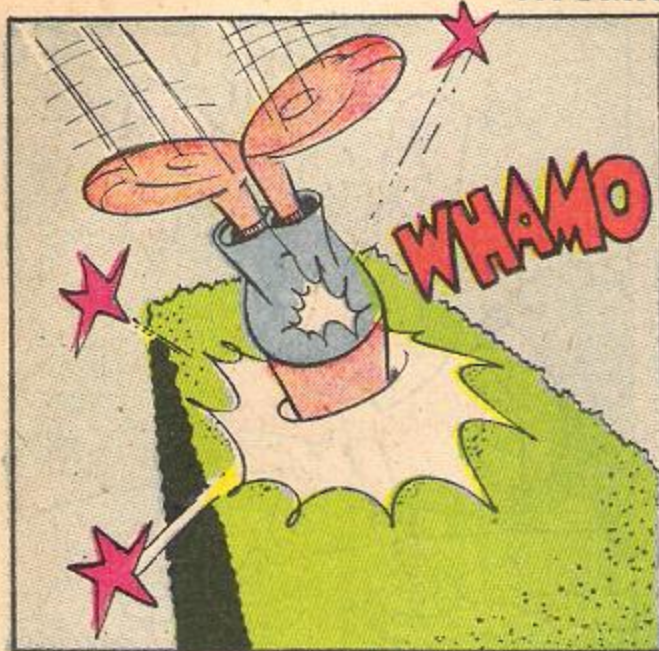
ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE



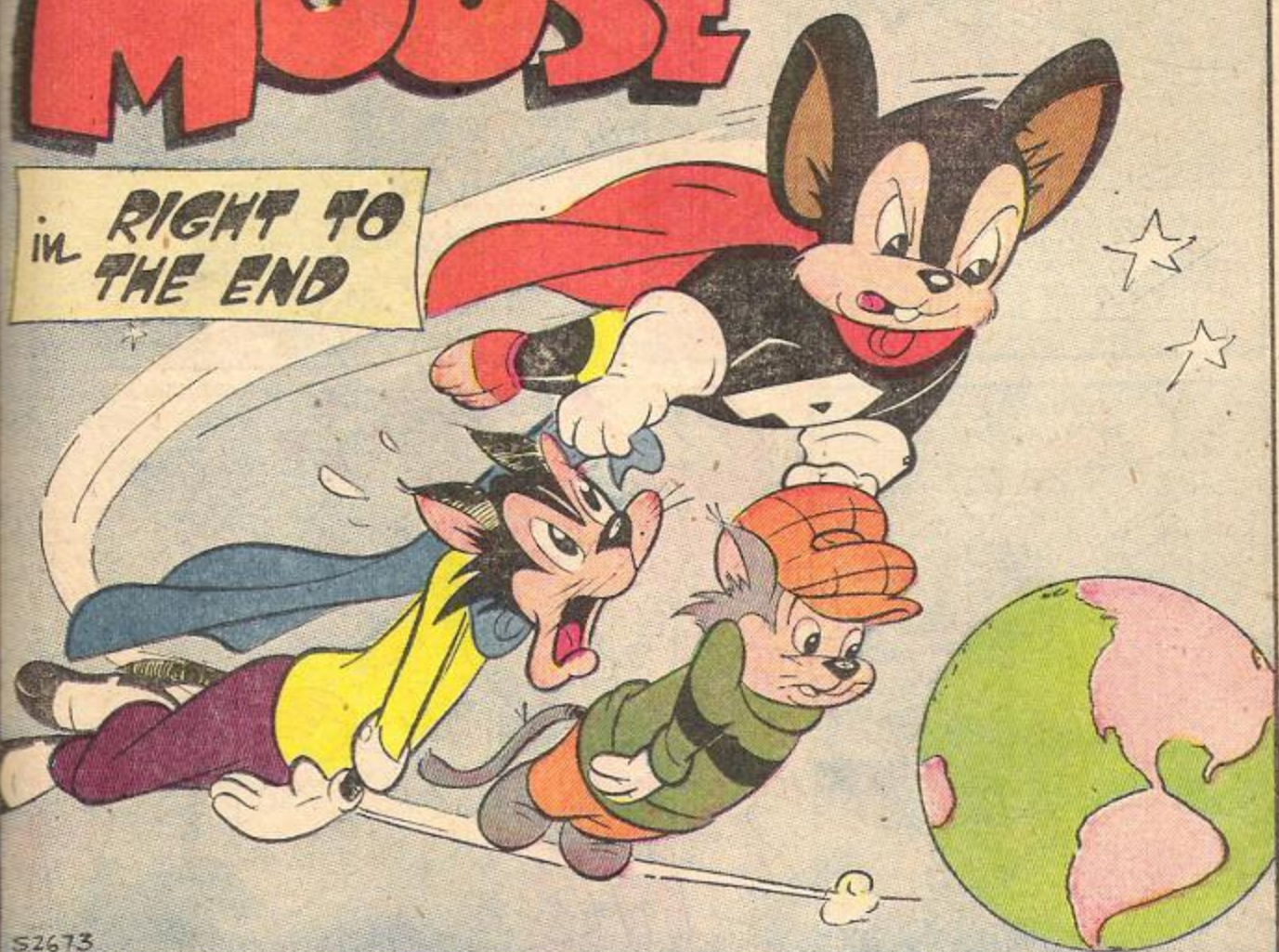
ATOMIC MOUSE



Atomic Mouse

MY NAME'S NOT ATOMIC MOUSE IF I DON'T MAKE SURE THIS TIME THAT YOU TWO NEVER BOTHER MOUSEVILLE AGAIN!

in **RIGHT TO THE END**



S2673

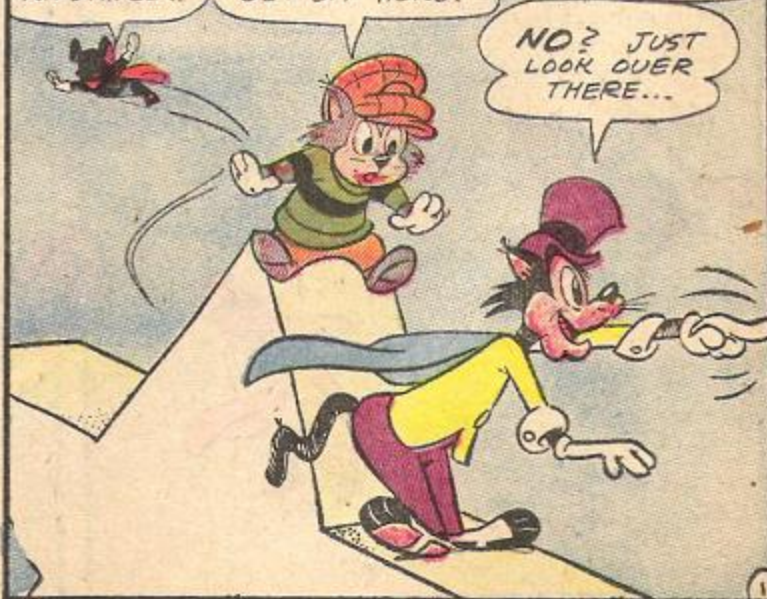
THIS WILL BE YOUR HOME FROM NOW ON, COUNT GATTO AND SHADOW! AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT STARVING, BECAUSE THIS STAR'S PART OF THE MILKY WAY!



GOODBYE, AND GOOD RIDDANCE!

G-GAWSH, COUNT! WE'RE IN A REAL FIX THIS TIME! WE'LL NEVER GET OFF HERE!

NO? JUST LOOK OVER THERE...



ATOMIC MOUSE



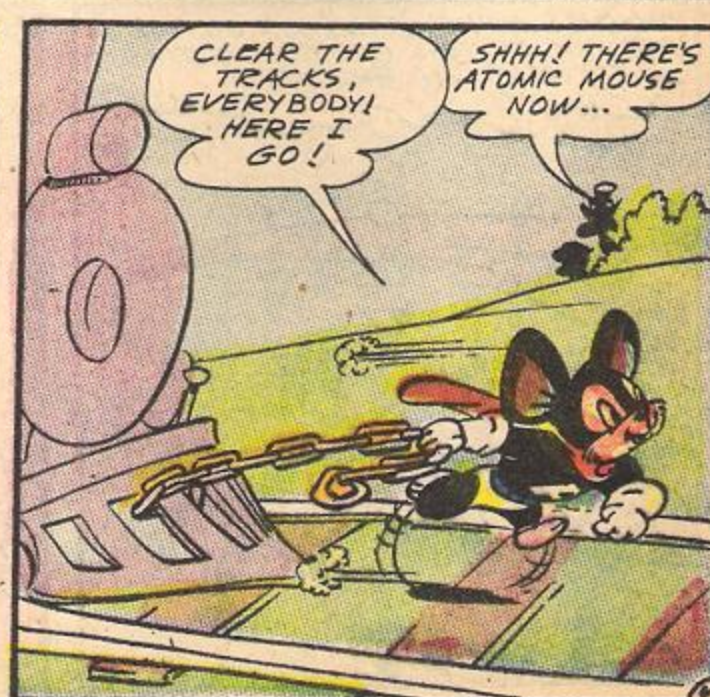
ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE



MEANWHILE, NOT TOO FAR AWAY...



ATOMIC MOUSE

GERTIE, SEE THAT BRIDGE?
CAN YOU MAKE IT
DISAPPEAR?

OF COURSE I
CAN, BROTHER!
JUST WATCH!

IBBEDY - BIBBIDY
BIBBIDY BARE
BRIDGE, BRIDGE VANISH
INTO AIR!

SHE DID
IT, COUNT!

SHE SURE
DID! AND
LOOK AT
ATOMIC
MOUSE!
HEH, HEH, HEH!

HEY?? WHY
AIN'T HE
FALLIN'?

BECAUSE THE BRIDGE IS STILL THERE,
BROTHER! YOU JUST SAID TO MAKE IT
DISAPPEAR...YOU DIDN'T
SAY ANYTHING ABOUT
MOVING IT!

GRRRR!

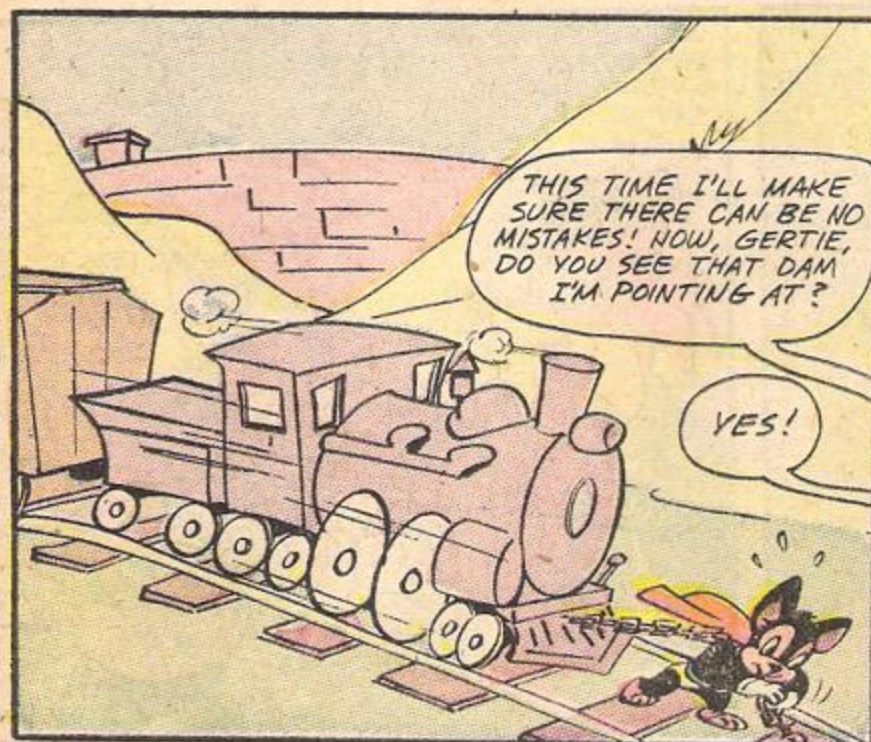
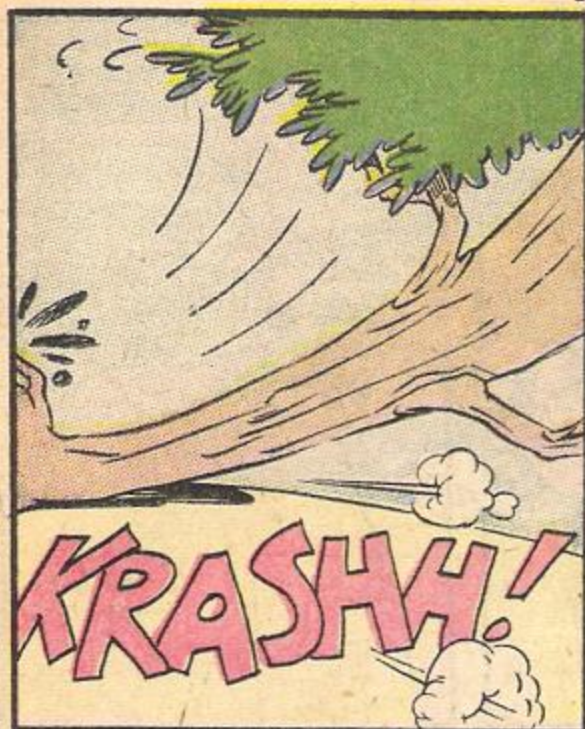
TEMPER,
COUNT,
TEMPER!

O.K.! LET'S (SIGH)
TRY AGAIN! CAN
YOU MAKE THAT BIG
TREE COME
CRASHING
DOWN,
GERTIE?

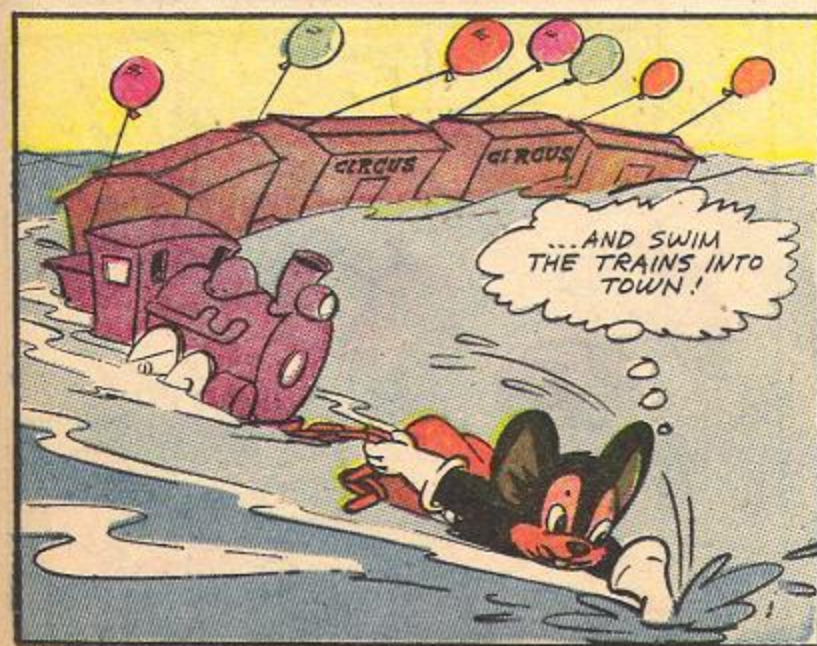
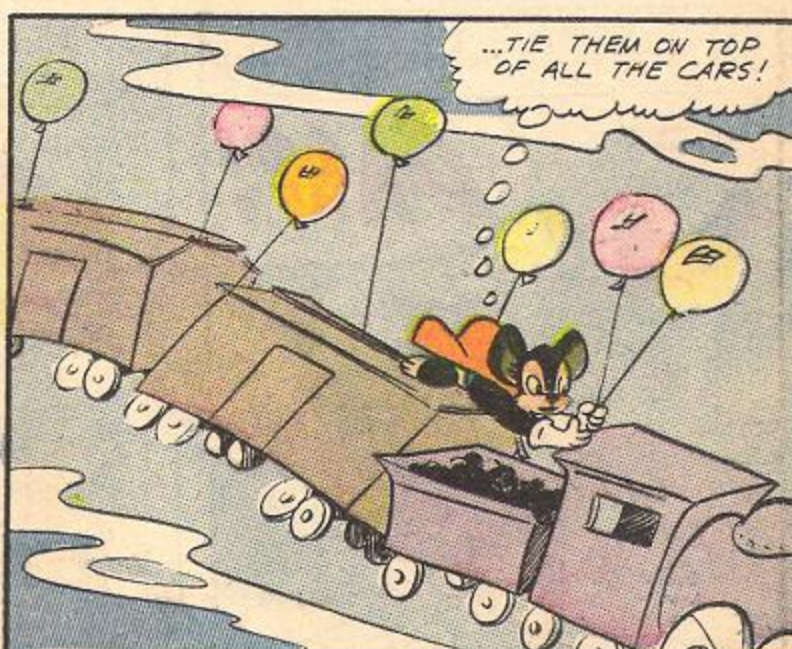
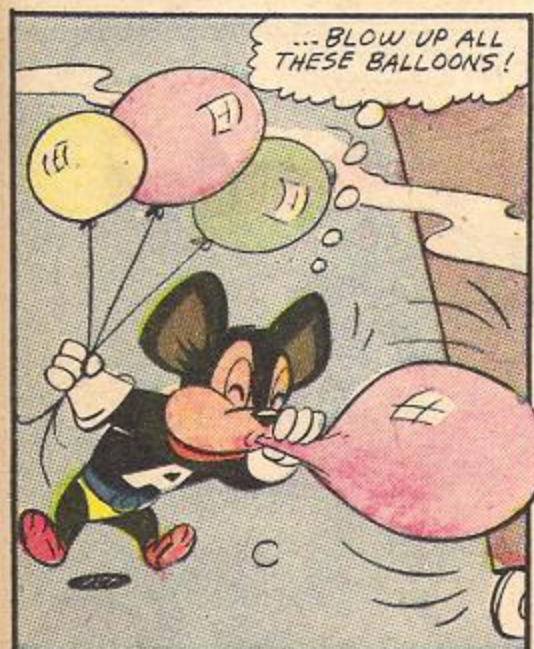
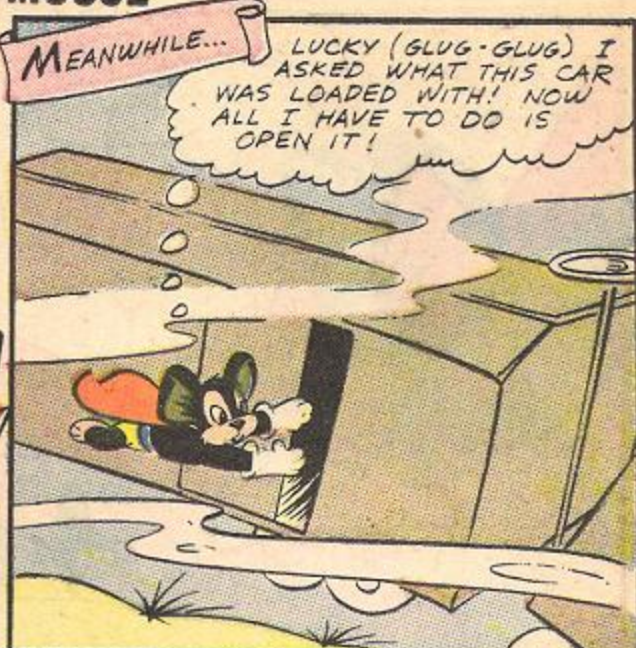
EASY AS
PIE
BROTHER!
JUST WATCH...

IBBEDY - BIBBIDY BIBBIDY - BROWN!
BIG, BIG TREE, COME
CRASHING DOWN!

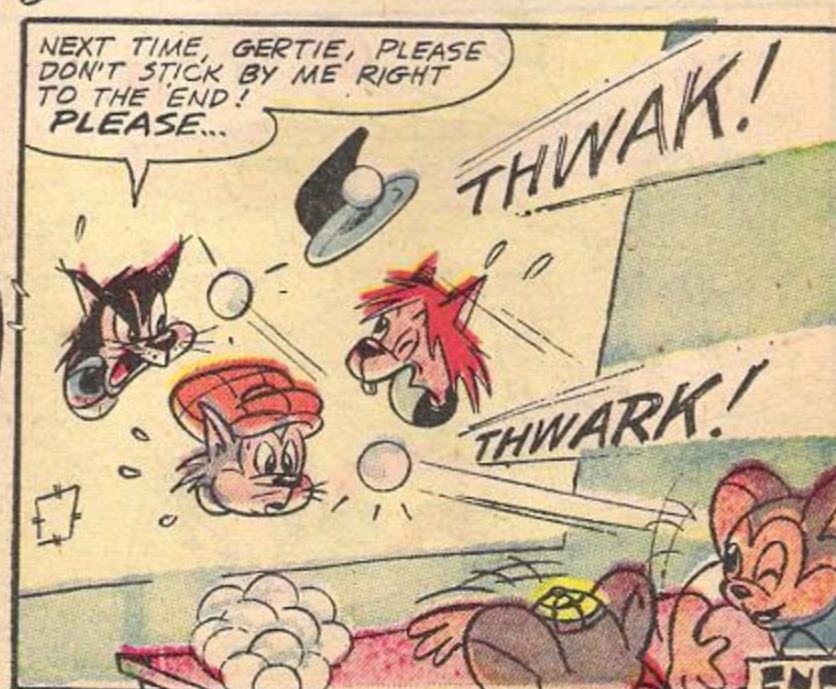
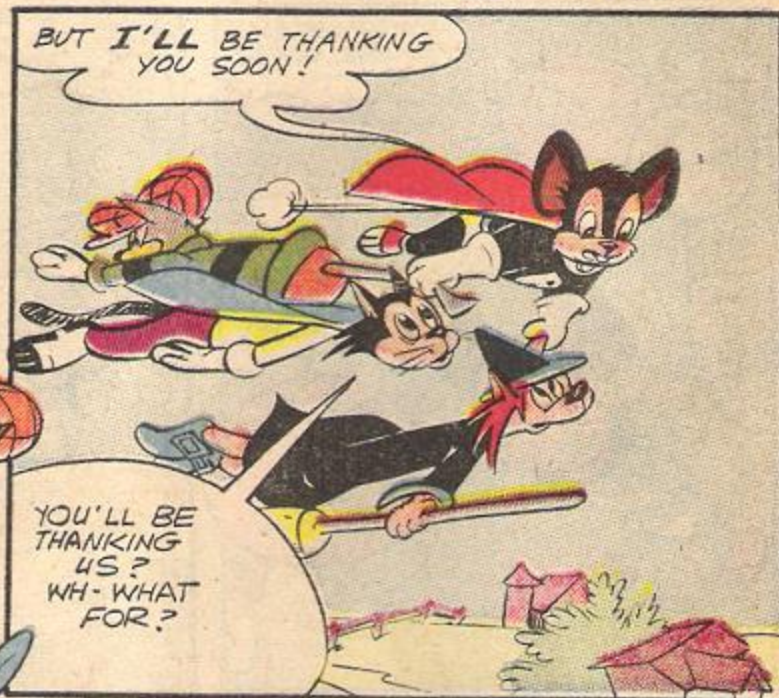
ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE



Li'l Genius

'PIANO MOVING DAY'

I THINK THAT OLLIE IS JUST THE RIGHT AGE TO START TAKING PIANO LESSONS!

FINE!...DID YOU HEAR THAT, DEAR?...MISS LATOON SAID YOU CAN START TAKING PIANO LESSONS RIGHT AWAY!



51642

...I'LL BE HERE NEXT TUESDAY AT ONE O'CLOCK!

THE PIANO SHOULD BE HERE BY THEN!

ARE YA GONNA BUY ME CANDLESTICKS FOR THE TOP OF TH' PIANO, MOM?

BYE, SEE YOU NEXT WEEK!

GOODBYE MISS LATOON!

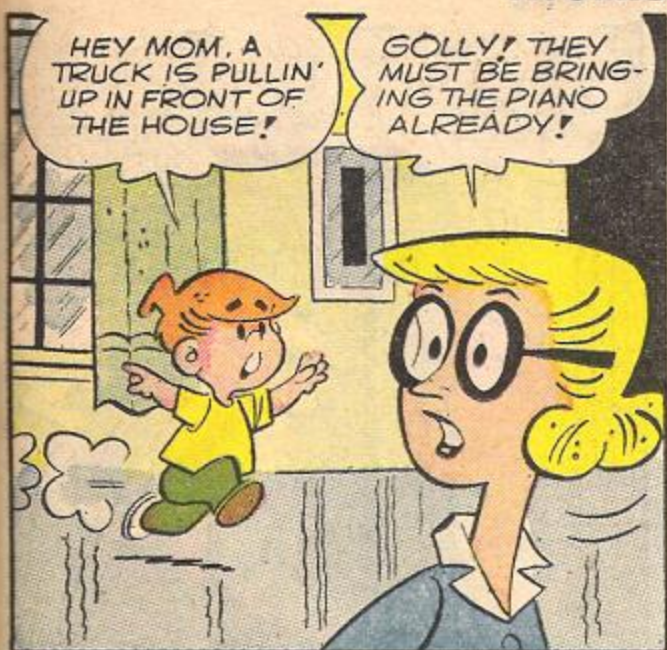
BYE LADY TEACHER!



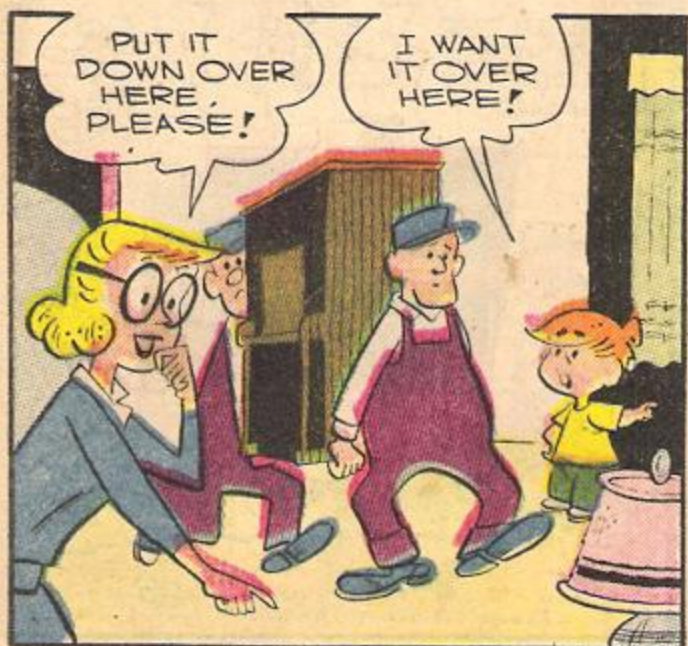
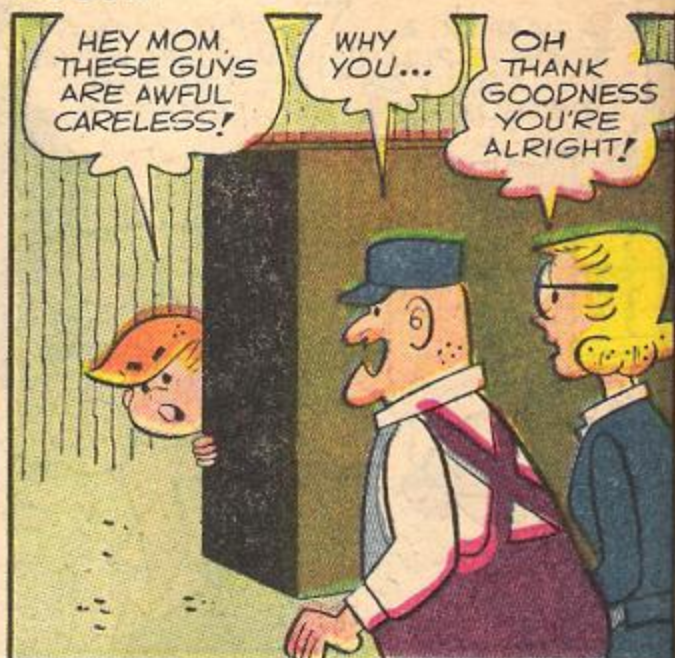
ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE



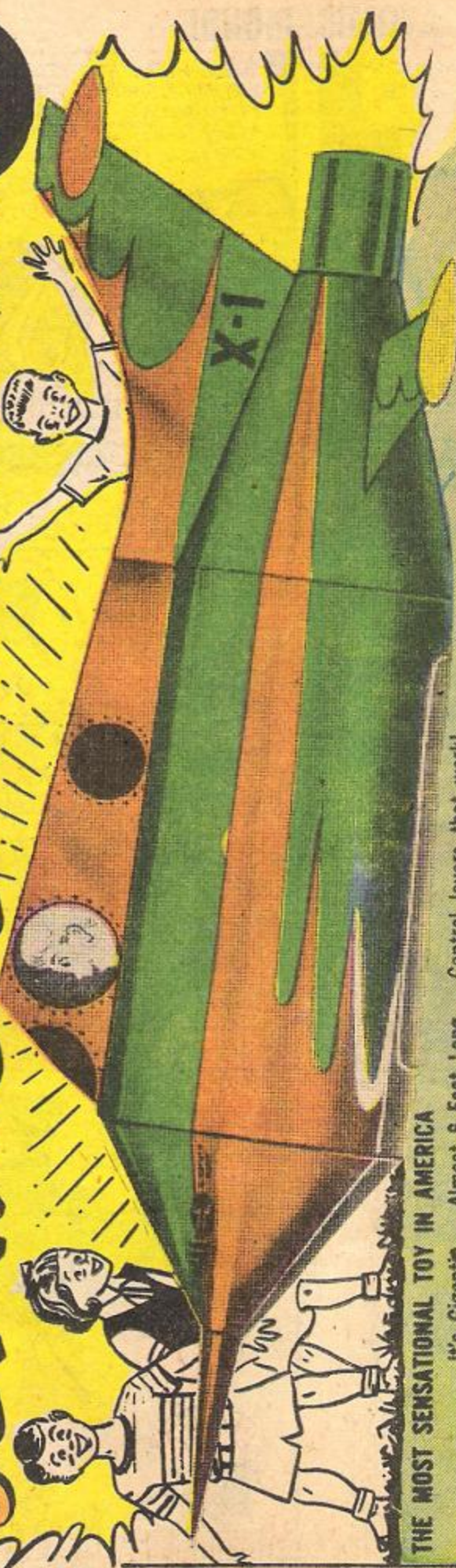
ATOMIC MOUSE



WE ARE CERTAIN IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO TELL YOU THAT ONE WEEK LATER, THE FOLLOWING SCENE WAS TO TAKE PLACE IN OLLIES HOME!



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It's Gigantic — Almost 6 Feet Long Control levers that work!

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Imagine 'all this!

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FEATURES

- Real Space Ship Design
- Sturdy Interlocked Construction
- Made of High Strength Fibreglass
- Complete Instrument Panel
- Disintegrator Gun
- Full Visibility Hinged Control Cockpit
- Astro-star map
- 2 Steering Planes
- Elevator and Rudder

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. SP-81
35 Wilbur St., Lynbrook, N. Y.

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- ☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus postage
- ☐ I enclose \$2.98 plus 63c postage and handling charge for my Space Ship. Same Money Back Guarantee

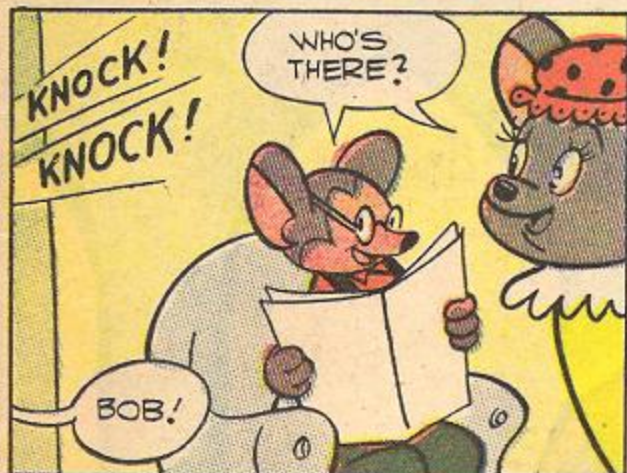
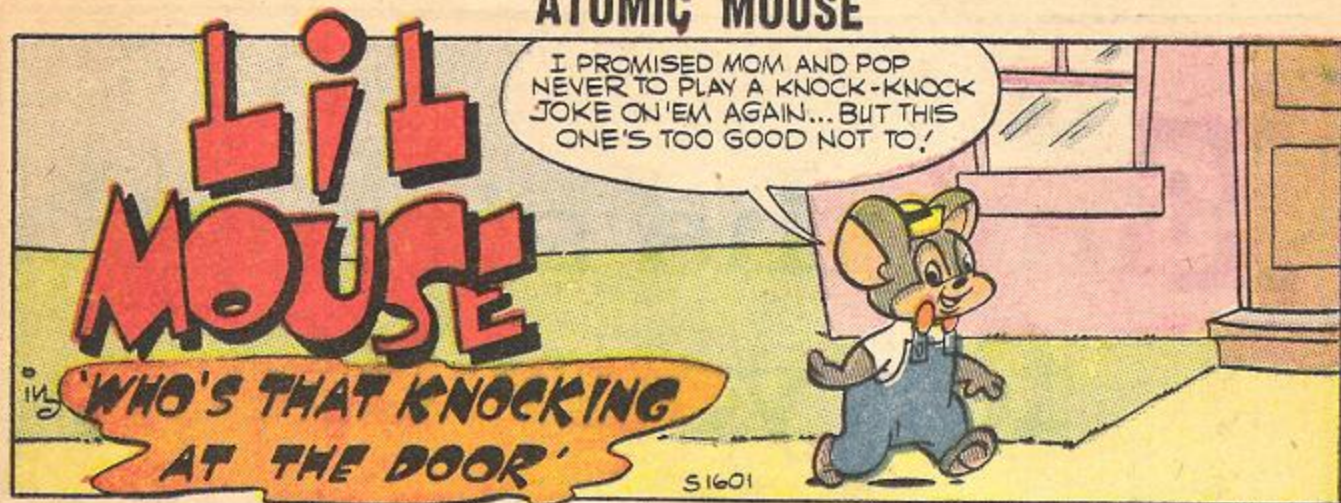
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ATOMIC MOUSE



Find the strength
for your life...



Religion In American Life Program

WORSHIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK

This advertisement is being run as a public service
by Charlton Comics Group.

BOZO, THE LAZY BEE

Everyone liked Bozo Bee. He was cute and chubby — and just about the friendliest little bee you could find. But there was one thing wrong with Bozo that sometimes made the other bees in the hive angry with him. He was lazy! While Buzzy, Benny, Buster and all the others busily hummed around the flowers, gathering nectar to store up for the winter, Bozo just loafed. Sometimes he would watch the other bees at their work, or he would stretch out under a nice cool dandelion — but best of all Bozo liked to eat.

"Just look at Bozo," said Buzzy Bee, who was a very hard worker, to his friend Benny. "All he likes to do is eat and sleep. We all work from early morning until nightfall storing up food for the winter months, but does Bozo ever offer to help us? — No!"

"Well, Buzzy," Benny replied, "it could be that we've been spoiling him. After all, every winter, when he comes around asking us for honey to eat, we always give him some. Maybe if we got tough with Bozo and refused to share our honey with him, he'd settle down and do some work like the rest of us."

"Maybe you're right," said Buzzy, "but who'd have the heart to refuse him? Bozo is so cute and chubby and he always keeps us laughing with his funny little stories. I don't think any

of the bees would be able to turn him down when he comes around looking for honey."

Benny just shrugged his wings. "I don't know," he said. "It just seems a shame that he's so lazy."

Just then Bozo Bee himself buzzed by.

"Hi!" he called out to Buzzy and Benny. "What are you two doing? Talking? Why are you wasting time? You know you should be out gathering honey. It might be a cold winter."

Bozo had a big grin on his fat little face, and Buzzy and Benny knew he was teasing them.

Buzzy pretended to be angry.

"Just you wait, Bozo Bee," he said. "Someday you'll be sorry you're so lazy. It's bound to catch up with you."

Bozo just laughed and flew away. He couldn't understand what made Buzzy and Benny so serious. It was such a warm, sunny day — much too nice to work.

Bozo flew around for awhile, joking with the other bees, teasing them about their working so hard; then he buzzed off into the country. He chased a few butterflies, scared a group of little girls who were having a picnic, then practiced dive-bombing, pretending he was an airplane.

"What fun this is," Bozo thought to himself.

"Those other bees don't know what they're missing. I wonder why I can't get any of them to play with me."

(The silly little bee never bothered to think what might happen if all the others thought the same way he did.)

After a while, Bozo began to get tired of playing and decided to get around to the serious business of eating. He eagerly buzzed from flower to flower, gobbling up the sweet nectar, until his little tummy was full. When he could eat no more, Bozo looked around for a comfortable place to take a nap. Spotting a cool, shady rose bush, he stretched out under one of the lower stems and soon fell fast asleep. Before too long, he began to dream...

Bozo dreamed that it was winter time. The ground was covered with snow and ice, it was bitter cold outside — and there were no flowers anywhere. The other bees were inside the hive, playing cards, checkers, or just talking. When they got hungry, they would go to their storage vaults and eat some of the honey they had gathered in the spring.

Bozo Bee found himself relaxing, as usual, in a corner of the hive. Feeling hungry, he buzzed over to where his pal Buzzy was playing checkers and asked him for some honey. Buzzy was a generous bee, and Bozo had always counted on him, along with a few of the other bees, to keep himself fed during the winter.

"Hello there, Buzzy," Bozo said in a cheerful voice. "How's about a bit of honey for your old friend Bozo?"

"Go away," came the unexpected reply. "Can't you see I'm busy? Why don't you find someone else to give you honey? — Or, better still, why didn't you work last spring like the rest of us?"

Poor Bozo could hardly believe his ears! Was this Buzzy talking?

"Oh well," thought Bozo to himself, "he's probably losing at checkers and is angry at the whole world. That's why he won't give me anything to eat."

Bozo next tried Benny Bee, who was also one of his close friends — but Benny didn't even give him a chance to say anything.

"I know what you want," said Benny in an angry voice. "Well, you're not getting any — not one drop — and that's final! I've been treating you to my honey for years, and I'm getting mighty tired of it. From now on you can go gather your own honey like any other bee."

Bozo was hurt — and shocked. He had never heard Benny talk like this before, and he began to cry. But Benny just turned his back on Bozo and went back to playing cards with a group of his friends.

With tears in his eyes, Bozo wandered over

to kindly old Buster Bee. Surely, Bozo thought, he would understand and give him something to eat. But no sooner did Bozo approach Buster than the older bee shouted, "So, it's you, Bozo Bee! Probably want some of my honey, do, you? Well, why should I give you any? I'm old and you're young — yet I have to work all spring so I'll have honey in the winter, but all you do is loaf. No sir, it's not fair — I'm not giving you any honey this time."

There was nothing for Bozo to do. His best friends had all refused to share their honey with him — and what's worse, they had spoken very harshly. You see, Bozo loved the other bees and couldn't stand the thought of their not liking him. He turned away and went back to his lonely little corner of the hive.

Bozo was still sulking in the corner — feeling very hungry — when suddenly the front door of the hive flew open and in buzzed Biff Bee, the bees' postal messenger. All the bees could see that something was the matter, and they swarmed around Biff excitedly.

Biff was all out of breath. "Have you heard the news?" he managed to blurt out.

"What news?" asked Buzzy.

"About the weather report," Biff answered. "There's not going to be any spring or summer this year — it's going from winter to winter — twelve full months of snow and ice. I just got the report and flew here as fast as I could."

The bees were shocked, but they were ready for all this cold weather. Each of them had stored an extra supply of honey and they would have just enough to last throughout the long cold spell.

In his lonely corner Bozo could already feel his tummy grumbling. No honey for a whole year — and no one would give him any! Just the thought of this made his tummy hurt worse and worse — then there was a sharp pain!

Bozo woke up with a start. He rubbed his eyes.

"Oops," called a voice from above, "sorry there, Bozo old friend. Looks like I've dropped a rose petal on your tummy. I hope I haven't hurt you."

Bozo looked up. It was Buzzy Bee talking. He had been gathering nectar right above and had dropped a rose petal on his tummy. That's what had hurt him.

Then Bozo realized it had all been a dream. But the dream had been enough to show him what might happen if he didn't change his ways — and fast.

"No, Buzzy," Bozo called back to his friend, "you didn't hurt me a bit. In fact, your dropping the petal on me has made me feel real good. Wait for me, Buzzy, I'm coming up to help you!"

— THE END —

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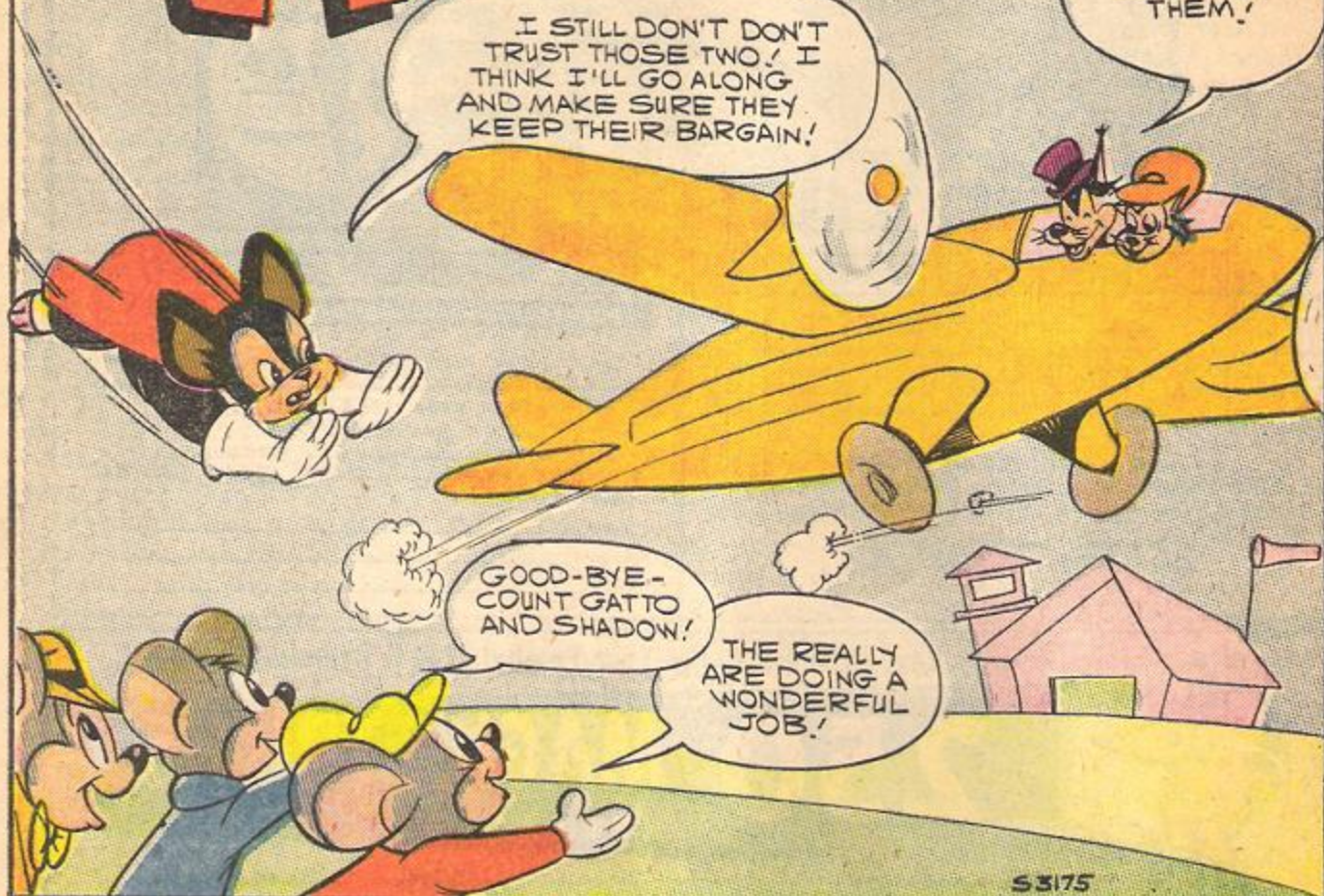
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



ATOMIC MOUSE

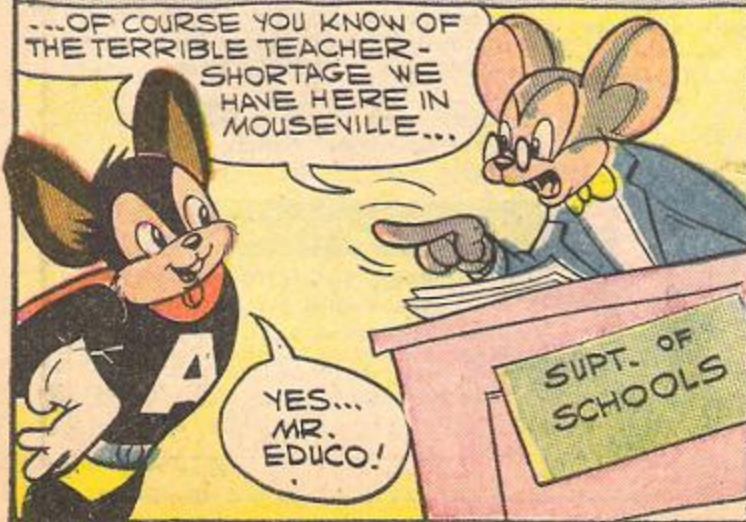
in
TEACHERS
for L.A.



S3175

WHAT ARE COUNT GATTO AND SHADOW UP TO? WHY IS ATOMIC MOUSE SUSPICIOUS OF THEM? LET'S DROP IN AT THE BOARD OF EDUCATION WHERE ALL THIS BEGAN YESTERDAY...

...OF COURSE YOU KNOW OF THE TERRIBLE TEACHER-SHORTAGE WE HAVE HERE IN MOUSEVILLE...



WELL, WE'VE BEEN CALLED ON BY WASHINGTON TO CONTRIBUTE TWO TEACHERS TO GO TO L.A. TOMORROW AND WE HAVE NO ONE TO GO!

I SEE! THIS IS SERIOUS! THERE AREN'T TOO MANY TEACHERS WHO'D WANT TO GO ANYHOW!



ATOMIC MOUSE

THAT'S THE WHOLE TROUBLE! THE CLIMATE ISN'T GOOD AND THE LIVING CONDITIONS ARE HARD! I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

WE CAN'T LET WASHINGTON OR L.A. DOWN! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

A HALF AN HOUR LATER OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL...

WHAT'S THE SIGN SAY?

IT SAYS, "TEACHERS WANTED!"

BANG!

YOU WOULD BE DOING L.A. A GREAT SERVICE! IT NEEDS SOMEONE TO TEACH ITS YOUNGSTERS!

TEACHERS WANTED TO GO TO L.A. ALL EXPENSES PAID! EXCELLENT SALARY

THEN FROM OUT OF THE CROWD...

I'M YOUR MAN! I LOVE (AHEM!) YOUNGSTERS AND I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DEVOTE MYSELF TO A WORTHWHILE CAUSE...

COUNT GATTO!

WHY THE SUDDEN CHANGE? YOU TWO NEVER WANTED TO WORK BEFORE!

I STILL DON'T!

SHUT UP, SHADOW! WE WANT TO REFORM, ATOMIC MOUSE! WE HAVE BEEN LIVING A USELESS LIFE! NOW, WE WANT TO MAKE UP FOR IT!

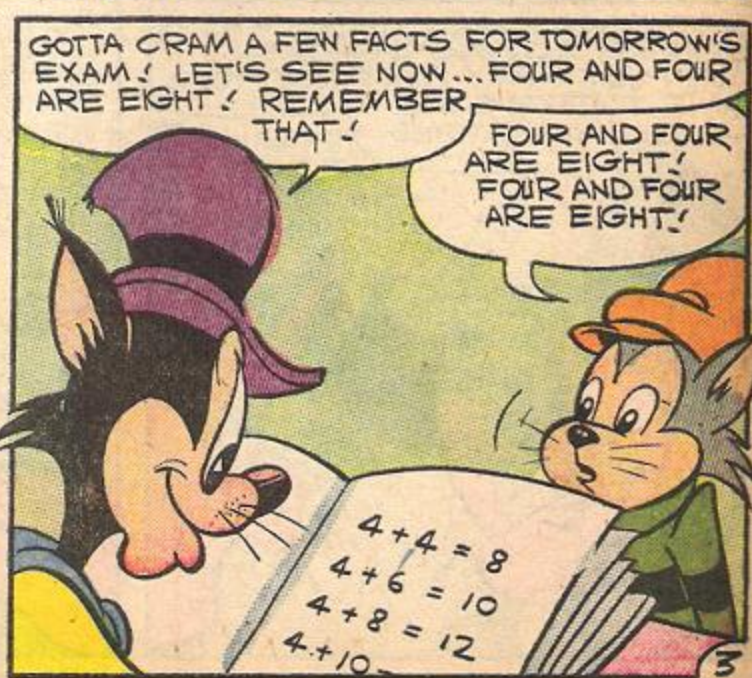
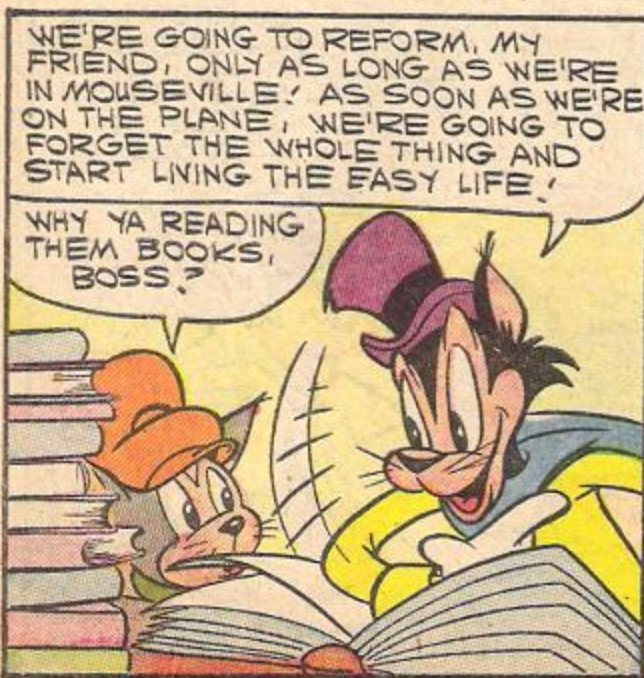
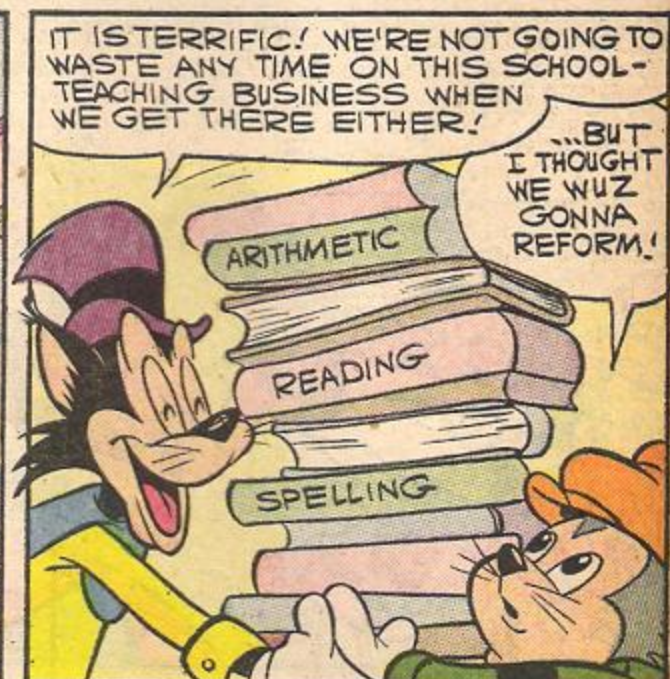
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS... IF YOU'RE SERIOUS, I GUESS I SHOULDN'T TURN YOU AWAY! BUT FIRST, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE SOME EXAMINATIONS!

EXAMINATIONS? WELL... ER... WHAT KIND?

YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE THAT YOU KNOW HOW TO READ AND THAT YOU CAN SPELL AND ARE GOOD IN ARITHMETIC!

THAT'LL BE EASY! WHEN SHALL WE REPORT!

ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE

...FOUR AND FOUR ARE EIGHT...

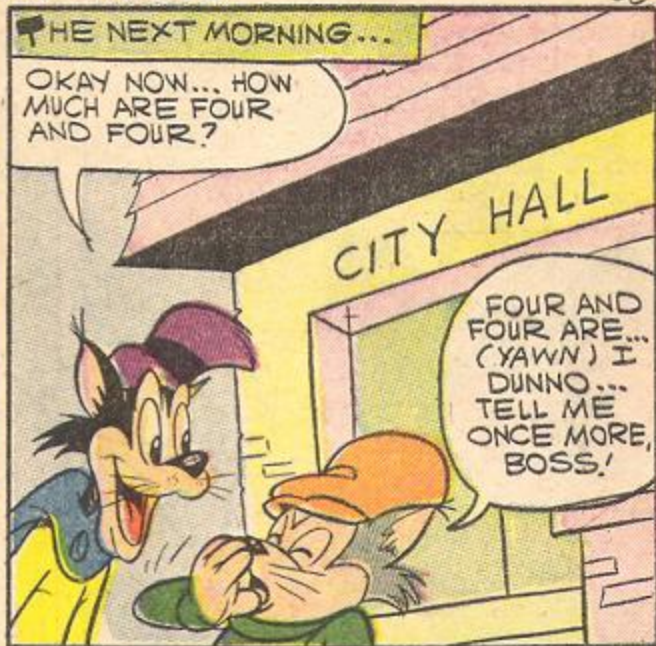
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE REALLY TRYING!



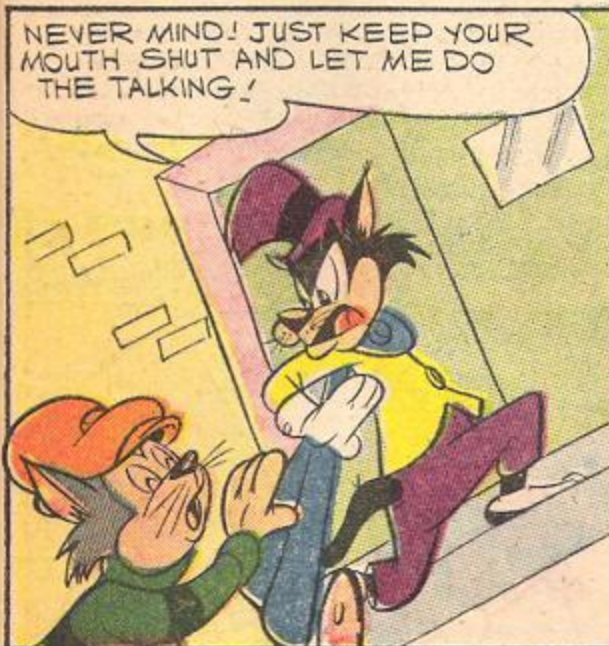
THE NEXT MORNING...

OKAY NOW... HOW MUCH ARE FOUR AND FOUR?

FOUR AND FOUR ARE... (YAWN) I DUNNO... TELL ME ONCE MORE, BOSS!



NEVER MIND! JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT AND LET ME DO THE TALKING!



COME IN! YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME!

NATURALLY! WE'VE BECOME MEN OF OUR WORDS, TRUST-WORTHY, RESPECTABLE AND TRULY SINCERE!

401



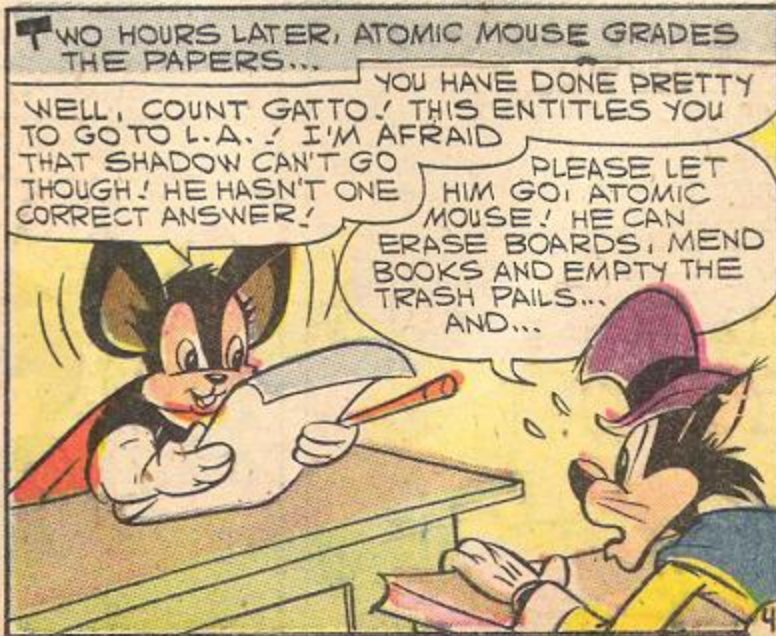
AND SOON THE EXAMINATION STARTS...



TWO HOURS LATER, ATOMIC MOUSE GRADES THE PAPERS...

YOU HAVE DONE PRETTY WELL, COUNT GATTO! THIS ENTITLES YOU TO GO TO L.A. I'M AFRAID THAT SHADOW CAN'T GO THOUGH! HE HASN'T ONE CORRECT ANSWER!

PLEASE LET HIM GO! ATOMIC MOUSE! HE CAN ERASE BOARDS, MEND BOOKS AND EMPTY THE TRASH PAILS... AND...



ATOMIC MOUSE

ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT! IF IT MEANS SO MUCH TO BOTH OF YOU, I GUESS THERE'LL BE SOMETHING FOR SHADOW TO DO! YOUR PLANE LEAVES IN AN HOUR! I'LL GET YOUR SUPPLIES AND HAVE THEM AT THE AIRPORT FOR YOU!



HO, HO! WE'RE OFF TO L.A.! IT'S LIFE IN A CABANA FOR US! HOLA!

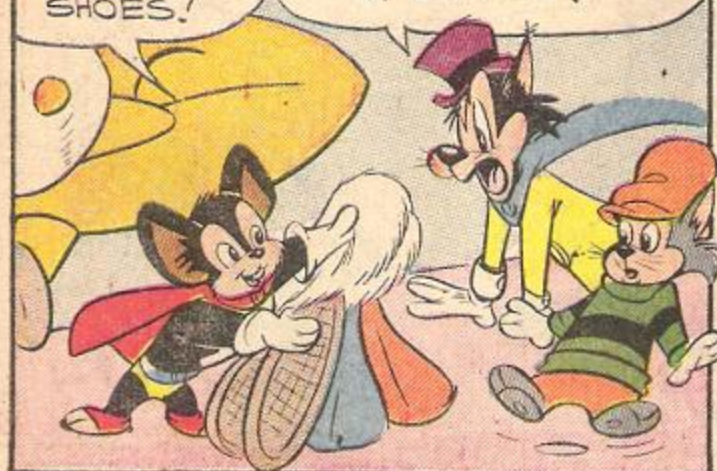
HEE, HEE!



AN HOUR LATER, ATOMIC MOUSE MEETS COUNT GATTO AND SHADOW AT THE AIRPORT WITH THEIR SUPPLIES...

HERE ARE YOUR PARKAS AND SNOW-SHOES!

PARKAS? SNOWSHOES? HAS L.A. HAD A CHANGE OF CLIMATE?



THE CLIMATE HAS BEEN THE SAME SINCE IT HAS BEEN EXPLORED!

PARKAS AND SNOW-SHOES ARE WHAT EVERYONE WEARS!

C'MON, SHADOW! THIS MUST BE A NEW STYLE OR SOMETHING! STYLES ARE ALWAYS CHANGING!



THE PLANE TOOK OFF AS SCHEDULED...

WASHINGTON WILL BE PLEASED TO LEARN THAT SOMEONE IS GOING TO THE ICY-CLIMATE OF LITTLE AMERICA TO TEACH THE LITTLE ESKIMOS!

I'LL MAKE SURE THEY DON'T CHANGE THEIR MINDS!



AH, YES, BOYS AND GIRLS! COUNT GATTO AND SHADOW THOUGHT THEY WERE GOING TO THE SUNNY-CLIMATE OF LATIN AMERICA, BUT INSTEAD...

HOW MUCH ARE FOUR AND FOUR?

IK, IK!



- END -

ATOMIC MOUSE

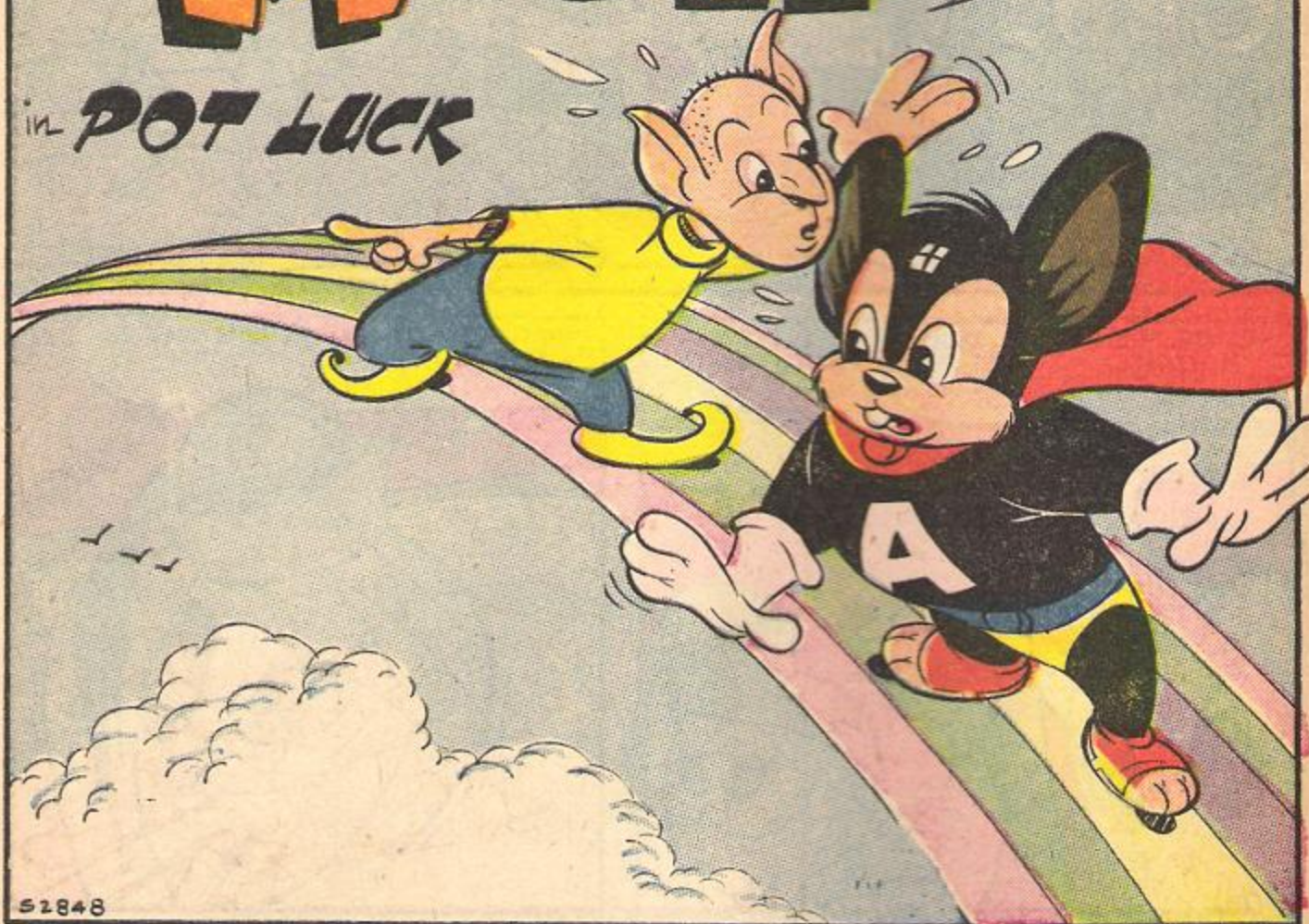


ATOMIC MOUSE



THE POT THAT
WE KEEP AT
THE END OF
THE RAINBOW
IS MISSING!

in **POT LUCK**



52848

IT ALL STARTED IN THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE...

WE'RE FACED WITH A SHORTAGE OF PAINT,
ATOMIC MOUSE, AND UNLESS WE GET MORE,
THE COUNTRY WILL SOON BECOME
DRAB AND COLORLESS!

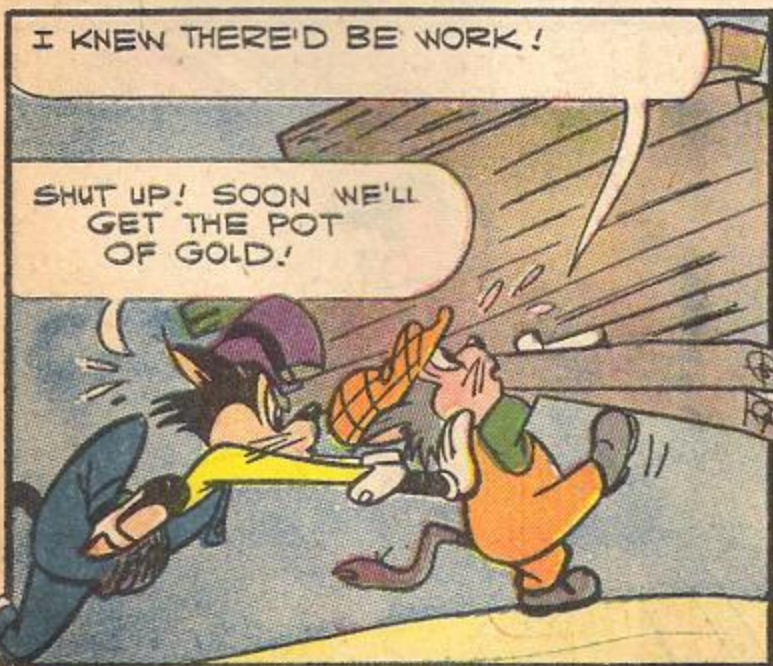


WE COULD GET COLOR FROM THE
RAINBOW, MR. PRESIDENT, BUT
THE PROBLEM IS HOW TO GET
IT DOWN TO EARTH!

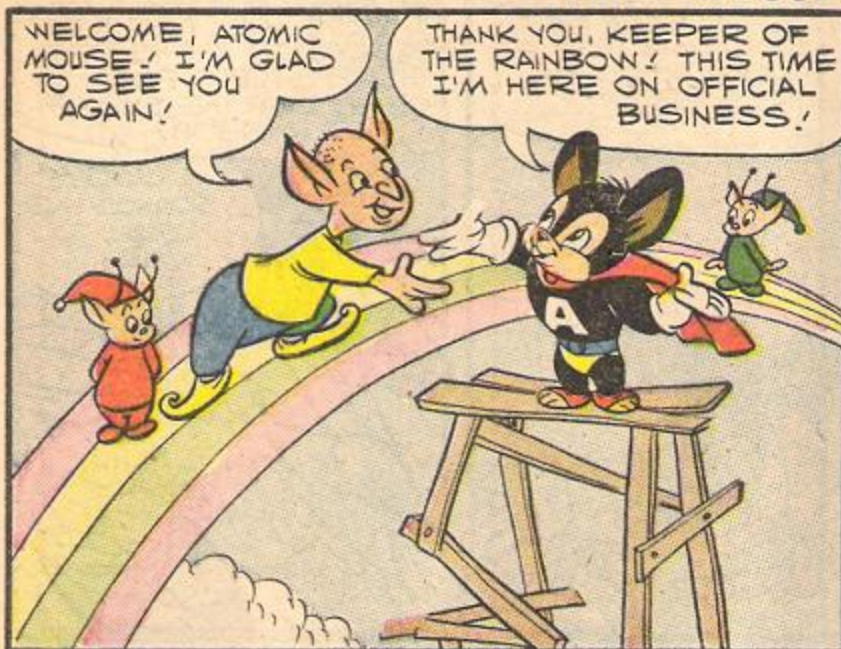
I KNOW YOU CAN
HANDLE IT, ATOMIC
MOUSE! TAKE OUR
BEST WORKMEN
AND SEE WHAT
YOU CAN DO!



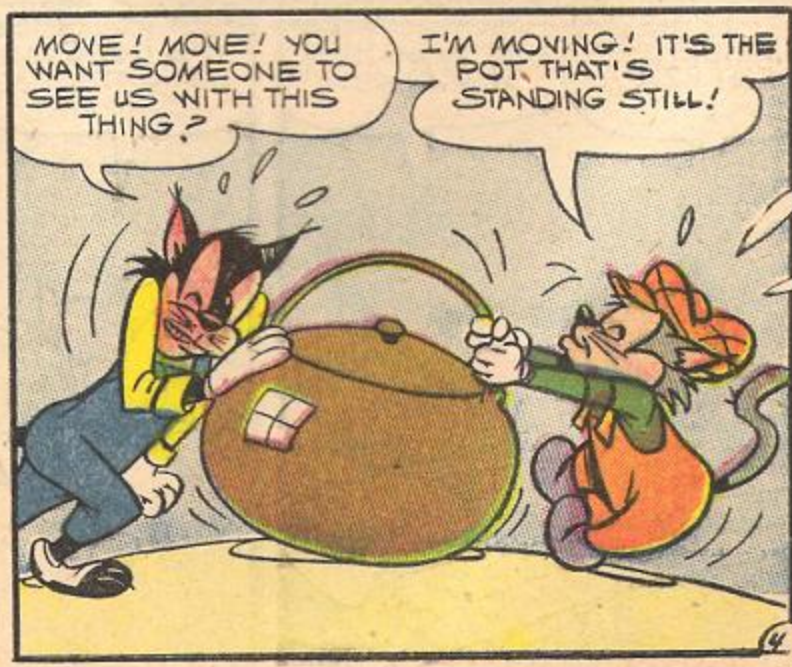
ATOMIC MOUSE



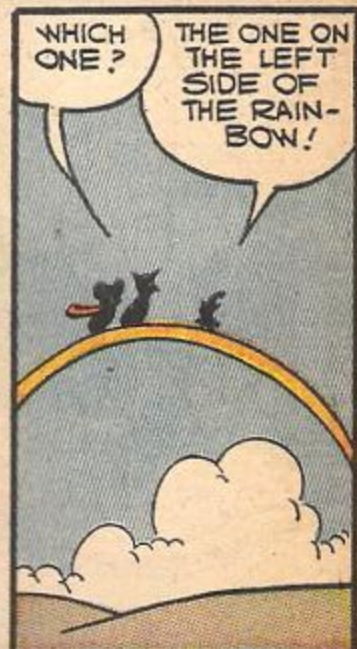
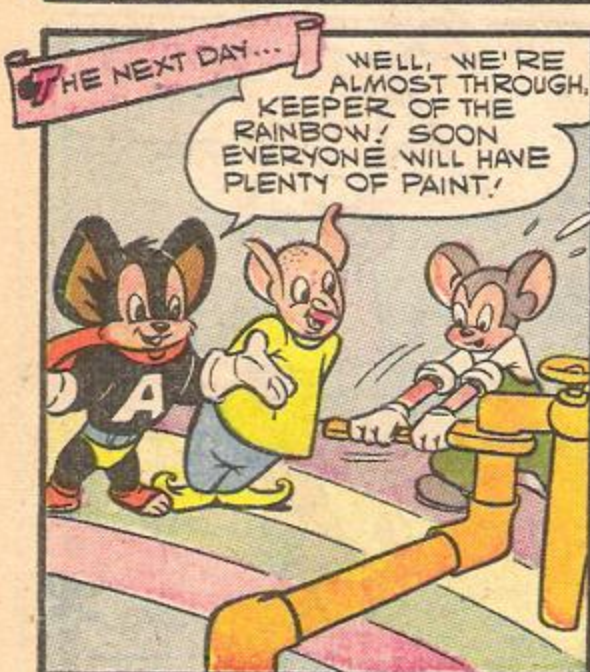
ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE

THIS IS COUNT GATTO'S HAT! HE MUST HAVE STOLEN YOUR POT OF GOLD! I'LL GET HIM FOR THIS!



HO, HO, HO! THAT'S A GOOD ONE!

HEE! HEE!

WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING, KEEPER OF THE RAINBOW?



BZZZ! BZZZZ! BZZZZ!



HA HA!

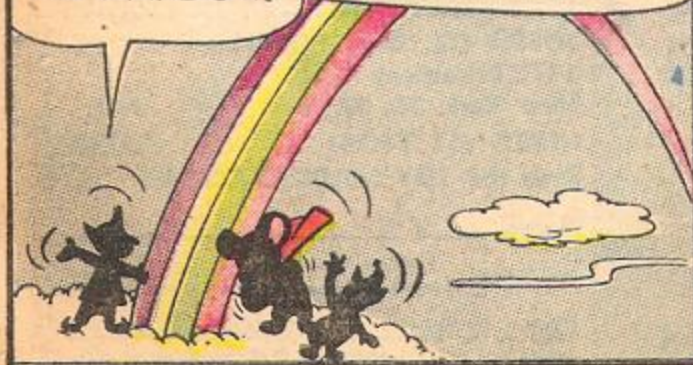
HO HO!

TEE-HEE!



BUT WHAT COULD THE KEEPER OF THE RAINBOW HAVE TOLD OUR HERO TO CAUSE HIM TO LAUGH AT THE LOSS OF THE POT? LET'S LISTEN...

WE KEEP OUR GOLD ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE RAINBOW NOT THE LEFT! WE USE THE POT COUNT GATTO STOLE TO CATCH THE COLOR THAT DRIPS OFF THE RAINBOW!



YIPES! THIS ISN'T GOLD!!

CURSES!



THE END

100 TOY SOLDIERS

MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC,
EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4½"!

\$1.25



EACH FOOTLOCKER CONTAINS:

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|---------------|------------------|--------------|
| 4 Tanks | 8 Machinegunners | 4 Bombers |
| 4 Jeeps | 8 Sharpshooters | 4 Trucks |
| 4 Battleships | 4 Infantrymen | 8 Jet Planes |
| 4 Cruisers | 8 Officers | 8 Cannon |
| 4 Sailors | 8 Waves | 4 Bazookamen |
| 4 Riflemen | 8 Wacs | 4 Marksmen |

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Rush the TOY SOLDIERS TO ME!

NO

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Name _____

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Canada and foreign orders add \$1.50 postal money order.

TIMMY The TIMID GHOST

IN
DON'T
BOTHER
ME

5290

MA'AM!

DON'T BOTHER
ME, I'L
GHOST!

B-BUT, MA'AM, I JUST
WANTED TO ASK YOU IF YOU
KNEW THE NAME OF THE
LAST STATION!

NO! AND DON'T BOTHER ME
AGAIN! CAN'T YOU SEE
I'M READING?

TOOT!

G-GOSH, MA'AM,
IT SURE IS TOO
BAD YOU DON'T
KNOW THE NAME
OF THE LAST
STATION...

...CAUSE THAT'S WHERE
YOUR CHILDREN GOT OFF!

GASP!

WAAAH!

SMOKE
EL
ROPO

-END-

Atomic Mouse

CATS DON'T
TAKE TO
WATER

COUNT GATTO AND
SHADOW HAVE BROKEN
OUT OF JAIL
AGAIN!

I'LL BRING
THEM BACK
RIGHT AWAY!

THEY'LL ONLY ESCAPE
AGAIN! NO JAIL WILL
HOLD THEM!

WHAT I HAVE
IN MIND FOR
THEM WILL!

HELLO, BERTHA!
I HAVE A JOB
FOR YOU!

I'LL HELP
YOU ANY-
TIME!

LATER... JUST 'CAUSE YOU
CAUGHT US AGAIN,
DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN HOLD
US!

WE'LL
SEE!

SOON...

YIPES!
WE CATS
HATE WATER!

THANK YOU, ATOMIC
MOUSE AND BERTHA!
THEY WON'T TRY TO
BREAK OUT THROUGH
THAT SPRAY OF
WATER!

END

